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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

I. ASIATIC ARCHITECTURE IN POLYNESIA,	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review</i> ,	387
II. GRACIOSA,	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> ,	395
III. THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	401
IV. THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	407
V. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> ,	413
VI. LOUIS XIV. AND MARIE MANCINI,	<i>Princesses et Grandes Dames</i> ,	431
VII. BOAT LIFE IN SIAM,	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> ,	441
VIII. THE NEW INDIAN PROVINCE OF BELOO- CHISTAN,	<i>Times</i> ,	447
POETRY.		
THE DAY OF WAILING,	386 "IN MARCH THE WORLD WAS BARE,"	386
LA DIGA ESTREMA,	386 THE SUMMER DAYS ARE DONE,	386
MISCELLANY,		448

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THE DAY OF WAILING.

THOUGH the low winds blow from the soft
south-west,
Over the beautiful bay;
Though the seagulls hover, and swoop, and
cry,
Where the shoal lies rank 'neath the quiet
sky;
Though the crescent moon shows clear and
pale,
With never a sign of a coming gale —
Launch not a boat to-day.

Though the women among their hungry bairns,
Look wistfully where they play;
Though stalwart and strong the fishermen
wait,
With nets all fit for the precious freight,
Laid where the blue waves dimple and smile,
As they surge and swell round St. Patrick's
Isle —
Launch not a boat to-day.

It is fifty changing years ago,
Since, as our old men say,
The wild September tempest broke,
Where no lighthouse flare from the Headland
spoke;
And the whole of the fishing fleet were lost:
Driven in heaps on the rocky coast —
Launch not a boat to-day.

Eighty and one brave barks went down
That noontide, in Douglas Bay;
Eighty and one, with their crews, drove in
Before the wild storm's thundering din,
Amid scud, and haze, and raging foam,
To die, close under the lights of home —
Launch not a boat to-day.

Not a cot in the length and breadth of Man,
But felt Death's terrible sway;
From farm and hamlet, from thorpe and
town,
From seaboard glen and from mountain crown,
The cry went up for husband and son,
Ere the black autumnal day was done —
Launch not a boat to-day.

But, in memory of that hour of doom,
Let the fisher his labor stay;
And, for sake of all who tremble and weep,
When their men go out on the perilous deep,
Seek his altar, who holds the sea and land
In the hollow of his mighty hand,
Upon Mona's "Wailing Day."
All The Year Round.

LA DIGA ESTREMA.

IL sol cade; la stella del crepuscolo
m'accenna — partirò!
purchè alla diga estrema il mar non mormori
quand' io lo varcherò

e un largo fiotto senza spume e sonito,
che il calmo aer sopl,
riconduca all' abisso immisurabile
quel che ne assurse un dl.

E sera, squilla la campana a vespero;
la notte ecco venir!
purchè di tristi addii, di gemiti
non suoni il mio partir.

Nel mar ch' è senza tempo e senza limite
l' onda mi porterà,
ma il suo Pilota faccia scorgere
l' anima al fin potrà.

An Italian translation of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

In March the world was bare,
Beneath the changeful sky;
It lies adorned and fair,
Wrapped soft in sunny air,
With flowers everywhere,
Now in July.

But in bleak March, unchilled,
The thrushes warbled high,
And all the woods were filled
With songs the blackbirds trilled —
The sweet bird-notes are stilled
Now in July.

In March the cold rain fell,
But little heeded I,
For I was loved so well.
Love, have we lost the spell?
Is no such tale to tell,
Now in July?
Longman's Magazine. FRANCES WYNNE.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE DONE.

No bluer sky was ever seen
When summer mornings first unfold;
The woods and fields are fresh and green,
And in a haze of gold.
But what though woods and fields are fair,
And bright with yonder rising sun?
The breath of autumn's in the air:
The Summer days are done.

Now Autumn comes with falling leaves,
That one by one the ways bestrow;
And Winter with its icy eaves
And fields of silent snow.
Fair seasons both, but yet to-day
I think on that whose race is run;
And to myself I sigh and say —
"The Summer days are done!"
Speaker. RALPH CALDER.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.

ASIATIC ARCHITECTURE IN POLYNESIA.

THE following pages are the outcome of observations made by my late brother, Mr. Handley Bathurst Sterndale, who spent many years in exploring the Oceanic group. He contributed much to the Australian press, something to the Royal Geographical Society, and was requested by the government of New Zealand to draw up a report on the South Sea islands, which was published in one of their blue-books, and from which I notice that a recent writer has drawn, *verbatim*, much inspiration.

In addition to the pen of a ready writer, he possessed much skill as an artist; and some of his drawings, — executed during a long residence on one of the remote islands, — are marvels of delicacy in finish, although they were drawn by sharpened bullets, and worked up by pens of fish-bones and tinted by the sepia taken fresh from the cuttle-fish. He left also seventeen small books of information concerning Polynesia in general, but Samoa in particular, written closely on pages five inches square, composed of scraps of paper floated from a wreck, which he had pieced and gummed together.

He had great influence among the natives with whom he lived, having the knack of attaching them to himself by strong bonds of friendship; and I was told recently by the captain of a steamer trading in the South Seas, that in certain places the name of "Tanali," which was their rendering of Handley, is still woven into the songs of the people.

He was particularly interested in the prehistoric architecture of the islands, and left numerous illustrations of cyclopean ruins at various places, and also of cromlechs similar to those found by myself in central India.

The theory that these islands were peopled by two races of Asiatics is a commonly accepted one, to which of course he lays no claim; and his observations are merely corroborative, and of value as being recorded by one who had travelled extensively, not only in Polynesia, but in those parts of South America which were

likewise affected by the Asiatic migration. He says: —

"It was to me a question of the deepest interest. One reason why the remarkable architectural remains existing in the many islands of the Pacific have as yet attracted so little attention, has been the prevailing idea of their comparatively recent construction; combined with the fact that very few of them have been examined by such travellers as have studied the architecture and economy of primitive races; thus the few who have seen them have commonly attributed to them an erroneous origin, or otherwise have believed them to be the work of existing races; even as Dumont d'Urville, in his description of some of the great ruins on the Seniavines, calls them a fortified city of Spanish buccaneers — a mistake of the absurdity of which (although to a certain extent justified by corroborative circumstances) a more careful survey of the locality would have convinced him."

The early people of the Carolines were builders of Cyclopean towers and pyramids; in fact, they are still very skilful in building great walls of rude stone. Structures of this kind are to be found in intermediate isles in the track of this migration. The idea of attaching a dwelling or place of worship to a cavern's mouth, corresponds to the plan of existing ruins in the north Pacific, as at Ponapa and Lele; at the latter place one still in use as a temple having been erected across and immediately over the entrance of a subterraneous passage of great extent, to which access is afforded by steps descending through the foundation. In the case of buildings erected for religious purposes in these seas, caverns were frequent. There is said to be one in the old Marai of Raia-tea, of which the entrance is known to but few (if now any), and has been carefully concealed. I am of opinion that these isles have been anciently populated by two distinct tribes from the north-west Pacific, one of them, a people industrious and fierce, builders of strongholds for purposes of defence, and of edifices for the celebration of religious mysteries; the other, a family of barbarians, milder and more indolent, acknowledging neither gods,

priests, nor kings, having no idea of subjection to invisible powers or conception of the necessity of worship, having no cares beyond the wants of the body — sensual, voluptuous, and proud, but withal valiant, orderly, and polite, exhibiting a remarkable sense of propriety and many generous sentiments. Many men of science suppose that all the great islands of the Pacific, and many of the smaller ones, were first inhabited by cannibal Papuans; and that from admixture with them did the Malayo-Polynesians derive their man-eating propensities. This I imagine to be an error. As well might one say that the aboriginal Mexicans contracted their anthropophagy from the Botocudos, who may be regarded as the American prototypes of the Papuan. But I perceive sufficient evidence to convince myself that the copper-colored man-eaters of the Pacific brought this predilection for devouring their kind from the continent of Asia, although, in whatsoever isles they have amalgamated with the Papuans there have their evil inclinations become enormously aggravated — forasmuch as we see that where such mixture has taken place, there cannibalism and devilry are paramount. Take for instance Fiji, where the inhabitants have exceeded in horrible depravity even the vilest of their sable predecessors. But wherever, throughout the Pacific, the copper-colored races have been found unmixed with the black (I do not include the New Zealanders, who may or may not have a tincture of Papuan blood), we perceive them to have been influenced by better instincts, exercising both towards one another and to strangers a certain degree of hospitality, frequently of the most disinterested nature, friendliness in their social relations with neighboring isles and villages, compassion for the helpless and unfortunate, family affection and decency in some respects, especially in the disposal of the dead — clouded, however, in some instances by cupidity and treachery, as in the case of the Tongese, whom Cook, in his ignorance of their real character and intentions toward himself, misnamed the *Friendly* Islanders; or cannibalism, as was the usage of the Rarotongans and Marquesans, or hid-

eous vices such as were practised by the Hawaiians and Tahitians. But, as far as is actually known, none of them were man-eaters from morbid appetite, as is proved by the fact that among such of them as were cannibals, it was only upon certain occasions that they exhibited this propensity; none were slain among them for food alone. The bodies of enemies killed in war, or victims sacrificed to idols, furnished the feast, of which only certain of the initiated, as warriors and priests, were allowed to partake. It is said that in Tahiti the heart and liver were the portion of the latter; the eyes were given to the king, as was expressed in one of his titles of honor, *ai mata*, the eater of the eyes.

However, to return to the architects of the Pacific Isles. The conclusions I arrive at are as follows: that although many of the Pacific Isles, especially the coral atolls, have been peopled by accidental castaways, the settlement of the great mountain groups was effected by organized migrations of savage navigators, sailing, in some instances, in fleets, fighting their way from land to land, and carrying with them their families, household gods, and the seeds of plants and trees; that these expeditions mainly originated in three causes: famine, the result of overpopulation, — war, in which the defeated party had frequently no choice but between the unknown sea and the oven of the ogre, — and volcanic convulsions, which rendered their native isles unpleasant to abide in.

Possibly on many islands it came to be regarded as the duty and destiny of large sections of the community to depart in periodical exodus in search of new lands. The copper-colored autochthones of eastern Asia, — a race unacquainted with metals, who tattooed their bodies, and recognized the existence of evil spirits, — whose stone weapons are still found, and whose descendants still exist in mountainous localities difficult of access, — were probably driven out by migrations of Turanians, and established themselves in the Malayan isles, driving or being driven out by the primeval Papuans and spreading in the course of ages to the

Caroline group, forming the progenitors of the Palaos, Barbudos, Hombres Blancos, and other families of gentle and hospitable barbarians visited in the early part of the sixteenth century by Diego de Roches, Saavedra, and Villalobos; that there they encountered or were followed by another exodus of a kindred race by Formosa and the Ladrones — a race of Asiatics ferocious and pugnacious in the extreme, possessing some institutions and organizations, such as vassalage to kings, and a religion the product of priestcraft and diabolical superstitions; cannibals also, from whatever motive, and cyclopean builders on a monstrous scale. That the milder race came first, might be inferred from their having no gods, which presupposes the greater antiquity; that the second race were cannibals is to be gathered from Caroline tradition; that they came by Formosa, from Chinese tradition and from what is known of the ferocious savages who still inhabit the eastern half of that island. That they were the cyclopean builders, for the reason that their remains are said to begin in Formosa, and are seen to extend down the Ladrones and eastern Carolines, missing the western portion of that group. That their wars were frequent and destructive seems most probable from the style of their castles and strongholds, some of them being built upon the escarpments of steep hills rendered still more inaccessible by art, others being surrounded by enormous trenches or canals lined with stone walls, into which the waters of rivers or tides of the sea were admitted. In some of them are to be seen covered sally-ports and subterraneous galleries of singular construction, all pointing to the conclusion that war with them was the business of life.

From the great extent and importance of these works, many islands appear to have been in a perpetual state of siege, as is the case in Hogoleu. This is an immense coral atoll, one hundred and thirty miles in circumference, having four entrance passages. On the reef and within it are seventy islands, four of which, near the middle, are high basaltic masses about thirty miles each in circumference, mag-

nificently fertile, yielding spontaneously many valuable products, situated in the midst of a rock-bound lake ninety miles long by half that width. This unknown ocean paradise has been for ages an arena of combat between two hostile races, one copper-colored, inhabiting the two western of the great interior isles, the other upon the two eastern, a darker people with long, straight hair. The two tribes are supposed to number over twenty thousand. In the Seniavines particularly are evidences of many generations of strife, as at Lele. Here a volcanic island has been scarped and walled to the summit, while on the neighboring shores is a wilderness of ruinous castles, the walls in some cases twelve feet thick, and from thirty to forty feet in height. They are in the form of parallelograms two hundred feet by one hundred feet, some very much larger. Many of them are erected upon islands entirely artificial, surrounded by canals lined with stone, crossing each other at right angles, into which the tide flows. It was this place which Dumont d'Urville supposed to have been a fortified settlement of Spanish buccaneers. But he was mistaken, as others have been who have seen these ruins, but have not been able to examine them thoroughly and ascertain their vast extent, in consequence of the hostility of the natives to inquisitive strangers who have at any time sought to investigate these remains, and the positive injunctions of the late piratical king Keru, that such examinations should not be permitted. D'Urville was likewise in error in supposing the huge stones of which these buildings are constructed to have been squared by art and brought to this place in ships from some distant land; they are prismatic basalts, quarried in the interior of the island of Ualau, where they abound, and, according to native traditions, were brought from the mainland on rafts, the larger blocks being raised into their places by levers and skids. That these people were greatly impressed with their religion is evident from the architecture of their temples — immense quadrangular, paved enclosures surrounded by lofty walls containing within them terraces, pyramids, and frequently artificial caverns and sub-

terranean passages. Their plan is precisely identical with that of similar remains in Guatemala and Costa Rica; it is also unmistakably the grand original of which all the Morais, great and small, of the Hawaiian, Marquesan, Tahitian, and other isles of the South Pacific have been rude imitations.

Some of these structures were mausolea as well as temples. They are spoken of by the present race of natives as the sepulchres of the ancient deities, whom they called Anii, a word which is found with modifications of accent in every language of copper-colored Polynesia. Anii, Arii, Ariki, signifying lords, rulers, kings, gods. In the language of all these copper-colored tribes the consonants *h* and *s*, *t* and *k*, *m*, *r*, *l*, and *f*, are used, disused, or transposed in a most arbitrary manner — thus: Samoa, Hamoa; Savaii, Havaii, Hawaiki; Ura, Kura; Tapitua, Kasikuca; and so on to infinity.

We have so far dwelt upon the defensive architecture of the copper-colored races. Now I turn to my brother's notes regarding certain sepulchral and religious remains found by him.

Perhaps the earliest form with which we are acquainted, is one which is familiar to us in northern Europe, and which I myself have found in central India, the cromlech, or kistvaen. He writes:—

"Here is an account of a tumulus (one of three, and all alike) which I lately opened at Fararanga (Penrhyn's Island). Within a large conical mound of gravel, overgrown with grass and appearing very ancient, was a stone cist, formed of four great smooth slabs of hard coral, perfectly square, and about a foot thick, with a similar large overlying slab for a cover. Within the cist was a layer of fine white pebbles containing the skull and bones of a man. Beneath the skull lay a pearl oyster, very large, and hollow like a bowl; beside the bones lay an axe, seemingly of basalt. The cist was placed exactly east and west; the feet of the skeleton westward. In this interment the pearl shell under the head was a peculiar feature; the same has been noticed in the case of skeletons found at Pitcairn's Island. The axe of basalt was remarkable on a coral atoll, but not unaccountable. I have dug up such axes upon several coral *motus* in this latitude. I imagine them to have been the property of savages who had wandered away from the islands near the equator (in fact, local traditions bear witness to their having done so), where basaltic stones are obtained from the drift wood,

attached to the roots of great trees which are carried thither by the equatorial current."

The above description agrees marvelously with the account of some exhumations in the Hebrides and on the western coast of Scotland, reported by Mr. I. S. Phené (Transactions British Association, 1870). The slabs, the layer of fine white pebbles, and the position of the skeletons are identical.

I now proceed to the description of a more imposing form of burying-place. My brother was exploring the mountain ranges of Upolu, which was at that time, as it has been even recently, the theatre of a sanguinary war between rival factions of Samoans. He was on such good terms with both sides that he was enabled to pass from one war party to another, being hospitably received on both sides, and witnessed one of their engagements. These last took place chiefly on the low lands; and passing through the ranks of the combatants he found himself soon in a wild and desolate region, little, if ever, visited by the natives; but where, amid the solitude of nature, he was confronted by the stupendous remains of those cyclopean builders of that mysterious, energetic race that preceded the more voluptuous Samoan of the present day.

He describes the scenery on the way up as grand and magnificent, the timber in places being enormous, with waterfalls and huge crevasses, and in one place a remarkable circle of Druidical stones.

"There was no path, although in places I could perceive that there had in former times been one, several crevasses being artificially bridged over with causeways of rude construction. Everywhere were apparent the tracks of wild swine, some of the footprints being of large size. Before long I was brought to a standstill by one of these creatures in a disagreeable manner. A great sow having young ones under a stone, disputed the passage with ferocious determination. I had no wish to waste powder on the poor beast, and would have avoided falling out with her, but she was minded not to let me go at any price; and I, having no time to spare, despatched her with several pistol balls. I much regretted this unhappy necessity, and wished the poor fighting men in the forest below could have had the carcass. However, I cut out the most part of the ham, rolled it in leaves, and put it in my haversack for provender. Hearing the squeaking of her bereaved progeny, I looked into the hole, but could not see

whether the creatures were big enough to live without their mother.

"By previous observations I had determined the position of a lofty spur (or radius from a great volcanic centre) which, on undertaking the journey, I had proposed to myself to ascend, in the hope of thereby reaching the summit of the great interior range at a point much to the eastward of where it had been accustomed to be crossed by the natives. Looking in that direction, I perceived this ridge separated from me by a broad and dangerous-looking ravine with a narrow cañon (or chasm with perpendicular sides) in the bottom. Hazardous as was the appearance of this valley, I had to attempt it, and scrambling down to the brink of the crevasse which constituted its most inaccessible feature, I found, after some search, a fallen tree, whereby I effected the passage. Beneath me was a torrent flowing in darkness over a bed of black lava as smooth as glass. I knew this to be one of the head waters of a river called the *Vai-vasa*, which presents the singular phenomenon of exhibiting some miles inland a volume of water more than double in quantity to that which is visible in its bed where it disgorge itself into the sea, the remainder being absorbed by subterranean channels.

"About two hundred feet above me on the opposite side I observed the mouth of a rift or gully opening towards me, and seeming by its aspect to have been produced by an earthquake or some such cause. Having with great labor and with some risk succeeded in reaching the crown of the ridge at some distance below that point, I soon came to the edge of the strange-looking crack. There was no way of crossing it except by sliding over fallen boulders to the bottom, and in the same manner ascending the opposite side, where was an opening between the rocks, just wide enough for a man to pass through. As I believed that the end of this gully, which ran at right angles to the direction of the range, might afford me a prospect of the next valley to the eastward, I proceeded in that direction along the bottom; but had not gone far when I perceived to my surprise that it was not a natural fissure, as I had supposed, but a great fosse formed by the hands of man, being in some places excavated, in others built up at the sides; and that which was farthest from me (or next to the rise of the hill) had been still more heightened by a parapet wall. At the far end was nothing to be seen but a perpendicular cliff and the

inaccessible face of the opposite mountain. Returning to the spot at which I entered, I climbed up the other side of the gully and passed through the narrow gap I had previously noticed, when my astonishment increased on beholding before me, upon a level space of limited area, a truncated conical structure or *Heidenmauer* of such huge dimensions as must have required the labor of a great multitude to construct. So little did I expect in this neighborhood to meet with any example of human architecture, and so rudely monstrous was the appearance of this cyclopean building, that from its peculiar form, and from the vegetation with which it was overgrown, I might have passed it by, supposing it to have been a volcanic hillock, had not my attention been attracted by the stone-work of the fosse. I hastened to ascend it. It was about twenty feet high by one hundred in diameter. It was circular with straight sides; the lower tiers of stone were very large, they were lava blocks, some of which would weigh at least a ton, which must have been rolled or moved on skids to their places. They were laid in courses; and in two places near the top seemed to have been entrances to the inside, as in one appeared a low cave choked with rocks and tree roots. If there had indeed been chambers within, they were probably narrow and still existing, as there was no sign of depression on the crown of the work, which was flat and covered with flat stones, among which grew both trees and shrubs. It is likely that it was not in itself intended as a place of defence, but rather as a base or platform upon which some building of importance, perhaps of timber, had been erected, no doubt in the centre of a village, as many foundations of a few feet high were near it. The fosse, when unbroken and its inner wall entire, was probably crossed by a foot-bridge, to be withdrawn on the approach of an enemy; and the little gap, by which I had entered, closed, so that this must have been a place of great security. The Samoan natives, as far as I have been able to learn, have no tradition of what people inhabited this mountain fastness. At the upper end of the plateau was a broken reservoir, which had been fed from springs by a stone channel. I followed the course of the brook for a few hundred yards until I found it to disappear in a sheet of spray over the ledge of a frightful precipice. No food-bearing trees were to be found here. There could not have been more than a few acres (perhaps twenty) in the

whole plateau. The mystery was, what the people could have lived upon. They could not have been at peace with their neighbors, or whence the necessity for these strong defences. They must have been numerous, from their works which remain.

"The path was paved and plainly visible. Beyond the springs the ridge became steep and narrow for a short distance, and then widened out into another flat. Here were a great number of cairns of stone, apparently graves disposed in rows among huge trees, the uplifting roots of which had overturned and destroyed very many of them. There was one great banyan-tree which I approached, and perceiving a cavity, entered. The darkness was profound. Tall creepers, which twined themselves about the columned trunks and lay in masses upon the summit of this giant tree, trailed in waving festoons on every side, and excluded even the faintest glimmer of the feeble twilight which prevailed in the sombre forest. I kindled a flame, and explored the interior. Some large bats flew out from an inner chamber, or cell, about ten feet square. The floor was of flat stones, the walls of enormous blocks of the same, placed on end; the roof, of intertwined trunks of the banyan, which had grown together into a solid arch. In the centre was a cairn, or rather a cromlech, about four feet high, formed of several stones, arranged in a triangle with a great flat slab on the top. Upon it was what appeared to be another small stone, but which on examination turned out to be a great conch shell, white with age, and incrustated with moss and dead animalculæ. The atmosphere of this vault was heavy and oppressive, the light burned with difficulty, and the smoke was unable to rise, but rolled low down out of the entrance in a dense, serpentine volume. A great *kōvin*, or land crab (*Birgus latro*), sat perched upon an angle of the wall, regarding me sideways with a look of great malignity as from time to time he struck his bony claw with the sound of a hammer on the stone, like some sinister spirit-rapper holding communion with the manes of the departed.

And his eyes had all the seeming
Of a demon that was dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Cast his shadow on the floor.

Now, what manner of men could have inhabited the stronghold below and have been laid to rest in this woodland necropolis? For the reception of what noble

corpses had they constructed this ancient sepulchre? Its antiquity was manifestly great, from the banyan having grown around and over it. The enclosure had first been erected without a roof, the tree (perhaps purposely planted), whose age was beyond estimation, had afterwards enveloped and preserved it. Nay, it would even have altogether and forever enclosed it in its hollow base, had it not been that several of the great slabs which formed the entrance had been forced together at the top, and so retained a passage. (I have seen idol temples in the East so grown over by banyan-trees which are said to be older than the Mahomedan conquest.) That this was the tomb of a man of authority among his tribe there could be no doubt, for they had not interred him under a simple cairn, like his fellows—there had been art and much labor in the manner of his burial. I am well convinced that these remains were the work of a people anterior to the existing race of Samoans. Their origin, like that of many other remarkable relics and ruins in the Pacific, is a part of the great mystery of the isles, *i.e.*, of the early distribution of man throughout the Polynesian archipelagos. I much regretted that I had neither leisure nor appliances to dig in this place for skulls, so as to have them submitted for examination to some man of science (perhaps some future traveller may act upon this suggestion). Being the first civilized man who had been privileged to examine this singular mausoleum, I inscribed my name (as is the custom of *les touristes anglais*) upon a conspicuous place; and paying my respects to the great crab, who, like a guardian gnome, still kept his sullen vigil, I returned to the outer world.

"Dark as was the cave from whence I had emerged, the forest was scarcely more cheerful in its aspect. All the light which prevailed was a sort of misty gloaming, dying away into the obscurity of a 'pillared shade,' but of which the hoary trunk of some great *maridi* or *mamala* tree stood forth here and there like a dungeon column

massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray.

And I stumbled among graves, some huge tumuli, others, but three or four stones. Here were, doubtless, the bones of many generations. Whatsoever had been their deeds, the very knowledge of them was lost. With them indeed was 'no remembrance of the wise man any

more than the fool forever.' King and counsellor, spearman and slinger, friend and foe, all alike had gone to eternal oblivion.

Hi motus animarum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulvis exigui jactu compressa quiescent."

The question has arisen, whether Polynesian architecture is of Asiatic or South American origin; and I think the preponderance of evidence is in favor of the Asiatic theory. Indeed, it seems probable that the American continent was influenced by the same migration from Asia which gave the copper-colored races to Polynesia. The subject is too extensive to be argued out at the close of this paper, so I will merely touch upon some points, though my brother, who reasoned out the matter, did not hold entirely to the theory, as I find in his notes the following remarks:—

"Although we have good grounds for believing that Easter Island was not the *Ultima Thule* of the barbarian voyagers of the Pacific, yet we have no warrant for supposing that they should after their arrival on the new continent have so rapidly and unaccountably advanced in intelligence as to have given birth to a civilization of which the pyramids of Cholulu and elsewhere, and the stupendous viaducts, canals, and cities of Mexico, Guatimala, and Peru were the products. Neither do the vast and extraordinary mound constructions of the valley of the Mississippi seem derivable from such a source, especially from the fact that we have proof that to the builders of all these works the art of pottery and the use of some metals were well known. Nay, even that of precious stones and gilding, as of making a gold surface to cover and adhere to one of silver or copper, as is found in goblets, pipes, etc., of these unknown people.

"No such traces of Polynesian intelligence exist. Sculpture, which though of a barbaric type, had arrived among the Central American races at great excellence, as far as complexity of design and elaborate execution are concerned, was entirely unknown to the Polynesian tribes, except as regards a few rude, chiefly zigzag, patterns of adornment in the carving of canoes and war-clubs, and the making of some hideous 'Teraphim,' or certain monstrous images like those of Easter Island."

He proceeds to propound a theory of his own which is too lengthy for insertion

here; but it is probable that Central America was the meeting-ground of Eastern and Western civilization. We are concerned with the former only at present. In Ellis's "Polynesian Researches," we find a comparison drawn between the Polynesian and the Asiatic. Meru, or Mount Meru, the abode of the gods, the heaven of the Hindoos, is also the paradise of some classes of the South Sea Islander, Varuna and Vahni, Hindu gods, are spirits in Polynesia, the *n* being omitted in Varuna. In some parts, the word for god or spirit is *derwa*, which is pure Hindi—the word *Teo*, which is common in both Mexico and Polynesia, is evidently derived from *Deo*, used in India, especially in the central provinces, for God or spirit. Ellis also notices the practice of man and wife eating separately, and many other customs evidently of Asiatic origin; so that there is much evidence in favor of Polynesian architecture having been of Asiatic and not of American origin, but rather to a certain extent the reverse. My brother, who spent some time also amongst the Peruvians and Mexicans, writes:—

"Among some of the intertropical tribes of America are observable physical characteristics similar to those of the eastern Polynesians. Some barbarous customs and superstitions are identical, notably circumcision, and cannibalism in connection with religious worship, that is, the eating of human bodies which were offered in sacrifice to idols; which to my thinking goes very far to establish a connection—the idea itself being in a manner unique, a sort of diabolical sacrament as it were, the heart and eyes being bestowed upon the most honorable, and the carcass divided among the inferior worshippers. They used an altar with an inclined surface, and (although in the Mexican case possessing metal implements) they cut up the sacrifice with a knife of stone.*

"Compare the accounts of the Mexican sacrifices at the time of the conquest, and the reported present practice of the Apaches, Navajoes, and Guatusos with what is known of the Tahitian sacrificial procedure, and the agreement in many important particulars is very remarkable. Other abominations peculiar to people who, as Paul says, 'liked not to retain God in their knowledge,' were, both in the islands and on the mainland, so prevalent as to confirm the impression of a common origin. I am acquainted with a

* The ancient Egyptian embalmers also used a sharp flint for making the incision in the body.—R. A. S.

Jesuit father who was a missionary in the Marquesas. He had also labored among the tribes of New Mexico and the Moquis and Zunis of the Rio Virgen; he told me that these last had words in common with the Marquesan tongue. I have seen these people, but know nothing of their language; one thing, however, attracted my attention, and that is, the existence in the Pacific islands and in Central America of one style of building—a pyramid, in most cases perpendicular on three sides, with an interior chamber opening always to the west. The Indian name, *Teo calli*, by which they are known, I believe to be of Polynesian origin, compounded of *Fed*, *Feo*, *Keo*, signifying a demon or deity, and *Fal*, house. These buildings are found in the Carolines and elsewhere, of great size. That some kind of cave ceremonies were performed in them is evident, from their being placed in such situations as to admit of the entrance being visible to a great concourse of people at the time; they are common also in Central America, especially where the Spaniard did not build towns, and so did not destroy them for the sale of their stones, as northward of the San Juan and to the south of the San Carlos. At Chontales is a whole street of them, and one on a hill at Castillo Viejo in Costa Rica."

My brother also alludes to the connection between the American Virgins of the Sun and the Samoan Toupou Saa, which, though unconnected with religion, they being destitute of any form of worship, he believes to have been borrowed in ancient times from the religious practice of some kindred people, probably in the Caroline group.

In conclusion, I will, with reference to the defensive architecture of the Pacific isles, which my brother alludes to as mountain fastnesses, quote a paragraph from Mr. Ellis's work.

"Their places of defence were rocky fortresses improved by art. Several of these places were very extensive; that at Maeva in Huahine, bordering on a lake of the same name, and near Mouna-tabu, is probably the best artificial fortification in the islands, being a square of about half a mile on each side. It encloses many acres of ground, well-stocked with bread-fruit, containing several springs, and having within its precincts the principal temple of their tutelary deity. The walls are of solid stonework, in height twelve feet." In India, in the central provinces,

I have found similar mountain forts, where the natural difficulties of access were increased by massive stone walls. The work was ascribed by the aboriginal Gonds to the demigods of old, the tradition proving them to be of great antiquity. One of these fortresses was in the vicinity of a large burial place in the jungle, where the graves were all cromlechs. Although the Samoans are not builders of cyclopean edifices, apparently the Tahitians kept up the practice, for Mr. Ellis mentions a fort built by Tamehameha, the king, in the beginning of this century, of which the walls were twelve feet thick at the base and twenty feet high. He also gives an account of an ancient temple containing a pyramid two hundred and seventy feet long, ninety-four wide, and fifty high, the summit being one hundred and eighty feet long by six feet wide, formed of coral and basalt blocks hewn with great care. The following remarks, taken from my brother's notes, will fitly close this paper:—

"In Cyclopean remains in the Pacific I recognize two distinguishing features, the terrace foundations of dwellings consisting of two or more steps, which seem to me identical with the style still adhered to by Buddhist people, and the truncated pyramid of successive steps, containing caves or chambers designed for interment or for the celebration of religious mysteries. The fashion of elevated foundations is sufficiently accountable in its origin, at first from necessity in localities malarious or infested by noxious animals, afterwards increased in dimensions and durability of material from a desire to impart an aspect of symmetry and dignity to the dwellings of individuals esteemed more honorable than the common herd. Thus, in places, we find the sides of the hills to have been excavated in terraces as the foundation of houses for chiefs or princes. The pyramid, or teo-callis, is a very different institution. Mysterious in its origin, widespread in its adaptations, slightly varying in form, yet everywhere bearing the stamp of one primitive, prevailing idea. The stupendous monuments upon the plain of Memphis and the 'mountains made with hands' upon that of Cholula seem like the two ends of a chain of human thought and intent, of which the connecting links are to be found throughout Tartary, the Eastern Peninsula, China, Japan, and the isles of the northern Pacific."

R. A. STERNDALÉ.

From Murray's Magazine.
GRACIOSA.

I.

THE line of coast extending northwards from the mouth of the Tees to Seaham and Bishop Wearmouth, is so pretty and so pleasantly diversified in character, that it seems odd it should have escaped description. It may be well that it is so; for perhaps the best thing that can happen to those of us who love quiet, in these uneasy days of travel, is to have the beauties of our own particular neighborhood left unsung.

Certainly, in the last century, the little port of Hartlepool, and the huge limestone caverns of Blackhall which lie some few miles further north, were visited by one who was first among Englishmen to observe and describe the beauties of natural scenery — the poet Gray. What he says, writing in 1765, is this: "I have been for two days at Hartlepool to taste the waters, and do assure you nothing can be salter, and bitterer, and nastier, and better for you. I am delighted with the place. There are the finest walks and rocks and caverns and dried fishes, and all manner of small inconveniences a man can wish."

And again, to another correspondent, he writes a little later on: "The rocks, the sea, and the weather, these more than made up to me the want of bread and the want of water, two capital defects, but of which I learned from the inhabitants not to be sensible. They live on the refuse of their own fish market, with a few potatoes and a reasonable quantity of geneva, six days in the week, and I have nowhere seen a taller, more robust, and healthy race; every house full of ruddy, broad-faced children; nobody dies but of drowning and old age."

Things are sadly changed there since then, no doubt; but even now, so long after, the description holds good in great measure. The ruddy children, the caves and rocks, the hardy pilots, the dried cod, and the geneva are all still there, pretty much as they were when seen by the poet, in the early days of good old King George III.

At the time of our story they were in the full swing of their untarnished glory; and to the delights of geneva were added those of cognac and tobacco, openly landed and freely dispensed by smugglers. The narrow chares and wynds swarmed to overflow with troops of sturdy, bare-legged urchins. A maze of clothes-lines be-spangled the crooked ways — oilskins and

jerseys fluttering gaily aloft in the brisk rush of east wind, as it swept madly up some blind alley or funnel-like *cul de sac*. Gay petticoats (like sacred orisflammes) hung dependant from many an attic window, while in the lane below was a merry and ceaseless babble of divers tongues and languages.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie:
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens and dogs and hogs are feeding by:
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.

At every door are sunburnt matrons seen
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry.

The year 1740 was remarkable for atmospheric disturbances. It came in with a frost, the like of which had not been known in England for thirty-one years; a frost of such great strength that the Thames was frozen over, and of such long continuance that a man, writing on the 17th of April, says, "This day, for the first time, spirits rose to the point of warmth." What his *spirits* were, and what his *point of warmth*, I know not; but whatever their precise meaning, his remark points evidently to prolonged and unusual cold. Violent and destructive thunderstorms marked the course of the summer, from beginning to end. November was ushered in by one of the most furious and fatal gales of the century. Between Boston and Lynn sixty ships and upwards lay wrecked. At Whitby, the damage done both at sea and ashore was incredible; and from the Firth of Forth to the mouth of the Thames, there was scarce a port or fishing village escaped, without damage and loss of life.

The morning of All Saints' broke mild and calm — unusually so for the time of year — and all Hartlepool was early astir; as to-day they were to celebrate the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, and the return to their homes of four young townsmen who had taken a part in that gallant action on board Captain Trevor's ship, the *Strafford*.

The revels were led by Mr. John Hedworth, who had ridden in overnight from his house in the country, to do honor to the town of which he was mayor, and grace the feast with his presence. Till noon all went merrily enough, and the crowd was gathered on the town moor, to see the roasting of an ox. Dense columns of smoke from the crackling faggots, shot straight up into the thick autumnal haze. Low sunshine lay on sea and land; belated gnats and midges dancing gaily up

and down in the grateful rays. Yet for all this, old tars and weatherwise salts bent their gaze steadily seaward. And rumor soon had it a storm was at hand. Nor was rumor far wrong; for half an hour later, the blazing fire was extinguished by a deluge of icy rain, and of that great throng on the moor, all were swept away before the fury of the blast, to seek shelter in low-lying streets and closes, at the back of the town wall, by the little pilot-pier. Not one soul of them now remained on the moor, but only the poor half-roasted half-sodden ox, creaking and swinging on his spit, like some highwayman in his gibbet-chains. So lately the idol and hope of the mob, now a forgotten and forsaken cinder!

In the town below, men dodged the flying slates and tiles; and hardy women, beshawled and hooded, stood out in sheltered nooks, to see the swirl of the tide and the chance of a wreck—wrecks, in that day, possessing an interest they have quite lost in this. For with the actual excitement and flurry of the event was then ever mixed delightful anticipation of blessings in store. Salvation of life was the last thing thought of—a cargo of French brandy was perhaps the first. But if brandy was not forthcoming, why then, they would do with sherry. And sherry, sure enough, they did with that day. For a Spanish brigantine flew in before the hurricane, out of the darkness and spindrift seawards, and in ten minutes after she was first sighted, had dashed herself to pieces on the cruel ridge of rock at the harbor mouth. Down ran the rummaging, ransacking mob; rifling the dead or dying, and falling with a fury like that of the storm itself, on all they could lay hold of. Their greed of drink was insatiable. Of one man it is handed down to this day that, pulling off his trousers and tying them up at the waist, he dipped them in a broached sherry cask, and bore them off in triumph over his back, full, inflated like the pig-skin of a wine-seller!

What an ending to a day so auspiciously begun! what a miserable scene of degradation; men, dead drunk, lying helpless among men really dead! For these last, slain in manful combat with the sea, small pity was shown. But for the sots who lay among them, their soberer comrades did show some care, hauling them up out of harm's way, above reach of the flowing tide. And there they were left, in the darkness and drift, to recover their reason and their legs.

Of all the vessel's company, battered

and broken by the flinty rock, but one was found alive—and that one a woman. She was dying fast, when they came across her in the gloom of early night; and hastily snatching a shutter from the nearest shop door, young men carried her up to old Phoebe Pounder's in Sandwell Chare, close by the water-gate of the wall, below which she had been flung ashore. The gossips stood round in groups by the closet-bed, in which they laid her. It was a scene after their own hearts, and one not readily to be foregone—a mystery, a death, and a birth, all in one!

They sent word to Mr. Hugh Petrie, the curate of the town, to bring the consolation of his office; but the poor castaway never regained consciousness; and long before his arrival, was gone softly down to the House of Silence, "unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd," and carrying her secret with her. All it remained for him to do was to name the infant, so untowardly born into this troublesome world, and so quickly forsaken. They called her *Graciosa*, after the ship that had brought her there, and whose name they had found on a piece of painted wreckage. Under the fostering care of the good woman, into whose charge her dying mother had been given, the little one grew into a fine frolicsome child, and gave early promise of great beauty.

When no more than three years old, her foster-mother, with her family and the little *Graciosa*, moved to Coniscliffe, to take charge of a squalid farm belonging to Mr. Jennison, of which generations of Pounders, or their relatives the Hunters, had been tenants time out of mind. Here they managed to exist till the early days of the year 1746, when their homestead was pillaged by some camp-followers in the train of Marshal Wade, who with his army passed over Pierce Bridge, hurrying north to Culloden.

After this they led a hard, joyless life of penury and toil, still clinging with true conservative tenacity to the impoverished acres, till May, 1749, when a strange disease that broke suddenly out among horned cattle in the County Palatine, completed their ruin.

Even so, it was with sorrow and many "a longing, lingering look behind," they wrenched themselves away from the miserable spot; the sons going as hands to a yeoman at Elstob, and Phoebe (with her young charge) finding her way back by wagon to Hartlepool, a poorer woman than the day she left it.

She now set up a little shop in one of

the narrow chares that lead out of the High Street seawards — in the selfsame house, in fact, she had quitted six years before. The parish priest recommended her to his flock, saying, "I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, that ye receive her as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you;" and being a decent, civil body, and moreover a native, she found excellent custom among her neighbors and the seafaring men of the place, and years slipped not altogether unprosperously by.

At fifteen years of age, Graciosa had sprung up into a tall and sprightly lass; good to gaze on, with those drooping eyelids which are so irresistibly bewitching, and which, I verily believe, have wrought more havoc among mankind than every other female grace and charm.

Her beauty, of course, was but in the bud — her *diablerie* and *espiglerie* in full bloom. They were not of a sort that had any great malignancy about them, or betokened badness of heart; but proceeded in part from excess of animal spirits and exuberant health, and partly (no doubt) from the unhappy fact that she had the grave misfortune to run her little race before the invention of that crown and glory of our own enlightened age — Board Schools. Hence it happened that, except when helping old Phœbe about the shop and house, time lay pretty much at her own disposal; and she spent more of it than was meet on the sea-wall, in gossip with other girls in their teens, or in idle badi-nage with the fisher-lads mending their herring-nets on the sandy beach below. These last stood her pert chaff and pretty pranks — the well-aimed pebble, the hurtling log or dancing chip, the nut of offence and apple of wanton provocation — with stolid good-humor, in a general way; their hearts pierced by the shafts of her ready wit, and (if truth must needs be told) their faces not unfrequently damaged by her Amazonian onslaughts. For she "set at naught the frivolous bolt of Cupid," and if any of the lads were inclined to be saucy, or essayed to carry his advances beyond a decent bound, the girl stood quickly on the defensive — nay, did not scruple to engage in active hostilities, and carry the warfare briskly into the enemy's camp.

Her pert airs and arch ways notwithstanding, the girl was truly feminine and lovable; plump and soft, with a tender heart, and cherry lips waiting to be kissed. Not that she knew all this, nor ever once thought about herself and her charms; but so it was, and the destined day was

not very far distant when poor Graciosa was to understand it all, and find her fate.

Meanwhile, two more years of rollicking life and hoydenish ways sped quickly by, without much mark or record; humble household duties dividing her care with banter on the sea-wall, and airy moonlight romps on the town moor. Tales of smugglers served to beguile the tedium of long winter evenings, and lent interest to an otherwise rather monotonous existence.

In these years smuggling had risen to an alarming and unprecedented height. Troops of soldiers and sailors, set free by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, scoured the kingdom, destitute — left by an ungrateful country to their hard fate. Very many of them, from sheer lack of worthier employment, turned smugglers; and their doings became a terror to all peaceable and law-abiding citizens. Hanged they were, no doubt, by scores, as any one may see for himself, who cares to glance at the newspapers of the day. But as fast as they hanged one batch, another arose, more hardy and daring than the last.

And, moreover, the barbarous severity of the law enlisted, ere long, the good-will and sympathy of the multitude on behalf of these lawless men, so that they became difficult to catch, and the aid of preventive men and common informers was used to entrap them. These informers had but a short shrift if they fell into the toils of the smugglers, nor did they stand high in favor with the natives of those ports at which their stations lay. In proof whereof, give ear to a corroborative incident that occurred in Hartlepool just at this time.

A gang of notorious smugglers, who had long infested the Blackhall rocks, finding in those desolate, sea-washed caverns convenient stowage for their contraband goods, had word sent them that a preventive man was come down and on the look-out. The captain of the smugglers was one Trollop; he, his son Jerry, and some of their mates, disguised as rustics, sallied out into the town, and picking acquaintance with the unsuspecting spy, plied him with drink at a tavern. Pouncing on their prey when half-seas over, they bound him hand and foot, carried him down in broad daylight to a boat at the pier-head, and shipped him aboard a ketch bound for Helvoetsluys. The man was never more seen in Hartlepool, and the feat of the smugglers met with applause on all hands, as a just and glorious revenge.

Enlivened by yarns like this, two more years rolled by; and Graciosa, now seven-

teen, was the beauty and toast of the port. Much altered and toned down since last we saw her, — timid, retiring, and I suppose not altogether unconscious of her good looks and the universal admiration they kindled. It could not well have been otherwise. Anybody may picture to himself what the girl was like, who has seen Romney's first portrait of poor dear Lady Hamilton. Only our Graciosa's complexion was of that olive tint to which her countryman, Murillo, alone among painters, does full justice. There was a dreamy, far-away look in her jet-black eyes, as of one that sees into the awful mysteries of the future, or the dim void of the past.

But let her alone, poor girl! Her day is nearly done, and her beauty vanished forever.

II.

PERCHED high above the Blackhall rocks, on a wind-swept table-land, stood (and still stands) a lonely farm looking out on the restless ocean. Its octagon dovecot, rising like some donjon keep from the very verge of the crag, still makes a notable beacon for such mariners as pass that way. A stone's-throw north of house and dovecot, three forlorn larches, bowed double under prevalence of cutting easterly gales, stretch their gaunt arms westward, for all the world like witches on a blasted heath.

Here dwelt, in the days of our story, a widow woman who, with her two sons, Peter and Leonard Gray, managed the steading in an old-fashioned way; their thrift and diligence often thwarted and frustrated by the cold, sour clay, and unkindly climate.

The smugglers in the caves down below were a constant source of anxiety and worry to the poor widow. Not that she feared their violence or malice — far from it. Her fear was lest the young men, her sons, should become involved in some hazardous enterprise. There seems no question but that both the lads were on a friendly footing with Trollop, even to the extent of visiting his caves and secret stores; but there is no evidence forthcoming that their dealings with the gang went beyond a little very natural barter of goods — a sack of coarse-ground oatmeal occasionally finding its way down to the shore, while a bottle of cognac, with a parcel of tea and tobacco, would cheer the inmates of the house above.

Peter and his brother Lennie were well-known figures in Hartlepool, where they

came almost weekly, wind and weather permitting, on marketing errands, in their little cockle-shell of a boat. Old Phœbe's shop was their common house of call; and while his brother was on the shingle below, loading their boat for her homeward trip, Peter would linger long at the counter, unable to tear himself away from the sweet Graciosa.

As time wore on, and the boating trips followed one another with still increasing frequency, the widowed mother grew more troubled and suspicious than ever, especially when she observed in how silent and preoccupied a mood her eldest son now invariably returned from his voyages.

Little kenneled she of the magnet that drew her Peter's shallop with such sure and sweet attraction to the shop in Sandwell Chare. She felt sure that some dire secret lay deep within his breast; and yet, with the fear of those desperadoes down below ever before her, she durst not ask or seek to know it, but passed her days, during the lad's absence, in nervous misery and heartache.

One September evening, rheumatic old Phœbe Pounder, crutch at hand, sat by the fireside knitting. A cosy cat, coiled in the old dame's lap, purred a warm approval of the situation. The kettle on the hob sent forth its jets of spouting steam with quick, petulant clicks of clattering lid. Rashers of ham spluttered and frizzled in their frying-pan hard by. The knitting-needles, glinting in the glow of sea-coal flame, clinked with a sort of rhythmic cadence. The solemn clock behind the parlor door, in slow and measured tones, told the hour of eight; and Graciosa rousing from some pleasant fancy, bestirred herself to close the shop and lay the cloth, when Peter Gray's well-known footfall echoed on the pavement without.

In he came, hale and ruddy from the crisp sea air.

"Oh, Peter! you stupid boy, how late you are again!" was Graciosa's greeting; "the hour of sale is past — the shop is closed. Why *have* you been so long?"

That last was surely a pleasant sentence to hear — that emphasis on *have* — from the lips of the girl he loved. And perhaps the young man knew what he was about (and Graciosa too) in thus putting off his visit till the shop should be closed, and he could have the girl to himself, without the interruption of stray customers and prying eyes.

"Never mind her, Peter, my lad. You know the girl's saucy ways. Come in and welcome!" cried old Phœbe from her

chair. "The moon is at full; plenty o' time to share our bit supper. Draw up to the table, my lad, and fall to."

The bashful Peter, nothing loath, did as he was bid, and drew up. And perhaps no cheerier little supper party was to be found in all Hartlepool that blessed night. But the sweetest hour on earth must have its end; and the clock's first stroke of nine, with Lennie's shrill whistle of impatience from the beach below, fell harshly and full soon on love-sick Peter's ear.

"Oh, but Gracie," said he, turning back when he had gained the doorway, "I must have some sweets for the old mother at home."

That doling out of sweets can be made to take an unconscionable time; 'tis long before some customers are suited to their mind, and Lennie's whistles rose from shrill to shriller.

"Come, Peter, wish the girl good-night and be off, there's a man; don't keep that lad waiting any longer out in the cold — you've a long pull back — and your old mother'll be worriting herself to death."

Poor Peter seemed still to hesitate, and a silvery voice came back from the shop, "Oh, Peter, Peter! what a great baby you are! hardbake, butter-scotch, mint-drops, treacle-toffy, barley-sugar, sugar-candy, and now liquorice and Spanish-juice for the old woman! I know right well Lennie and you will eat them all up in the boat. I thought it was only boys who cared for sweets!"

"Ah, Gracie, Gracie!" cried old Phœbe, peering at the pretty pair over the rims of her horn spectacles. "Ah, Gracie, my poor innocent! was there ever a young man yet that didn't care for sweets?"

That shrewd fireside remark brought all conversation to an abrupt close. The young man held the door ajar, latch in hand, apparently in the very act of going. But, no; they must needs have whispered words on the very threshold, till Phœbe, chilled past all patience, called out at the top of her voice, "Shut that door, and be gone! and you, Gracie, come in this very minute."

The girl came quick, quick as thought, flung her arms round the old woman's neck, and whispered, "Oh, grannie darling! it is such a lovely moon; do let me just go down to the boat with him, and see poor Lennie."

"Run then, run, if you must have it so, you pretty, wheedling tease; throw that shawl yonder over your head, and be back in five minutes sharp, like a good lass."

That Graciosa returned within the time

specified, I will by no means take it upon me to aver; I leave it an open question, to be decided by the expert reader at his (or her) own sweet will. But when she did return, and bade the old lady a loving good-night, there was a something in her manner — and on her finger — that prompted her foster-mother to say once again, "Ah, Gracie, my pretty innocent! was there ever a young man yet that didn't care for sweets!"

Glad at heart, a proud and happy man was Peter Gray that sweet autumnal night! The blushing girl had given her consent that fateful hour, and he was now an accepted lover. The ring of betrothal had been slipped on the girl's finger, her lips had received the young man's shower of kisses, their troth had been plighted, under shadow of the hoary water-gate, and all in those delicious *five minutes* of grace! Marriage loomed large ahead; and there was every prospect of Peter's being able, by Christmas time, to deck his breezy home on the hill with the fairest flower of all the country-side.

Without doubt, as the two brothers pull homeward, the thoughts of the elder dwelt peacefully on the coming bliss; but ere they reached their destination, he was rudely awakened from his reverie by a sudden change of weather, and his thoughts now centred perforce on the management of their boat. They ran her ashore in a sandy cove, south of their house, and sending Lennie forward to announce their return to the anxious mother, Peter himself remained behind to look to the unloading of their craft, and bring the packages home at leisure. "Keep a bit of supper for me, lad," he called after his brother's retiring figure, "and get thee to thy bed. Give my love to mother; if she cares to bide by the fire awhile, I have news to cheer her heart."

"But bless me, Lennie!" cried the widow, when their supper was done, and the clock struck twelve, "what ails thy brother that he lags so long behind?"

Lennie, with a frightened glance at the clock, sprang up and hurried outside. His loud halloas broke the silence of the night, but there was none to answer from below. At break-neck speed, he slid down a zigzag in the cliff-side to where their boat lay high and dry — but no Peter was there. Time drew on to that darkest hour before the dawn, the moon was set already, her light extinct in total darkness — and still no news of Peter.

The distracted mother, lantern in hand, joined her son on the beach, and cast

about in vain to find the missing man. By the dim wick of rushlight, they tracked his foot-prints along the level sand to the entry of a huge open cave, whose yawning mouth is fed by every flow of tide. And here they lost all trace of Peter and his fate; he was never more seen alive.

In all probability he had stumbled un-awares on the fierce bandits of the cave, hard at their illicit task, been taken in the gloom for a coastguard, and done away with accordingly. The smugglers, it is true, strenuously denied all knowledge of the missing lad in a subsequent interview with Lennie, but Lennie hearkened not to their glozing tongues; while as for the distracted mother, she in her agony and wild despair called down God's curse on the whole crew, and to her dying day cried aloud for vengeance. Her cry was heard in heaven — her prayer was answered — her revenge was ample; but it came, alas! too late, for with her first-born's loss the widow lost all heart, pined fast away, and sank ere long into a wished-for grave. She bequeathed her Lennie this dying legacy: "*Remember poor Peter,*" and with those words on her lips, passed to her account.

III.

THE news of Peter's disappearance spread like wild-fire. A sharp hue-and-cry was raised; men with bloodhounds scoured the country-side; others with grapnels went afloat, and raked the ocean-bed to hook the sunken body. Their quest was vain, and a day came when they ceased to search. But it was not possible that our sweet Graciosa could be kept long in ignorance of what was the whole town's talk. In vain, day after day, did she look for the coming of her lover; in vain did she listen for his well-known step or knock.

At length old Phœbe, gently as might be, broke the fatal news to her. The poor child received it humbly — without a tear. There was an alarming calmness and self-possession in her manner that boded ill. All she said was, "*I shall see him again! I shall see him again!*" Her friends attributed this great meekness and gentleness of spirit to pious resignation and submission to the Divine will, for she had been — as had they all — in the July of that year to hear Mr. John Wesley preach in the High Street of their native town, and his words and manner had made a deep impression on her heart. Old Phœbe, I think, knew better from the first. The simple truth was this — Graciosa's heart

was broken. From the day of that fatal news she seemed to pine away, in mind and body both. She said very little to any one now, but would murmur — sometimes with a sigh — sometimes with a smile, "*I shall see him again! I shall see him again!*"

Her work-a-day clothes were laid aside; very likely, poor girl, she knew that work, for her, was over in this world. She ever dressed herself in the things that her Peter had loved best to see her in, and thus attired, she would spend hours of the day and of the night sauntering on the wall or the pier, gazing seawards, and saying softly to herself, "*I shall see him again!*" Remembering the glorious beauty and comeliness they had so lately worshipped, her present condition begot in the rough men of the place a sort of superstitious reverence and awe.

"Ah, poor innocent!" they would say, as she flitted past them in the gloaming, "that it should have come to this! God help us all, and send the girl her wits."

Stalwart pilots would lead her home tenderly, and she would go meekly when led; but she had lost all reckoning of hours and knowledge of time.

All that autumn she continued fading away, and when the swallows were fled and the last leaves gone, it was well seen she would not linger long behind.

The merry time of Yule drew on apace. On the Sunday afternoon next before the feast, people were lounging over the seawall, disporting themselves in the frosty sunshine, or watching the strong indraught of flood-tide that raced round the Heugh, and, passing in a strong, deep current at their feet, flowed up into the estuary beyond. Suddenly, in their midst stood Graciosa, the pallor of death in her cheeks, her great lustrous eyes shining with *clair-voyant* brilliance, and having in their expression that dreamy, far-away look of second-sight. Little heeding the idlers she moved among, the girl paced slowly on along the wall above the water-gate, gazing steadily seawards, still murmuring to herself, "*I shall see him again!*"

Many followed her gaze, under some occult sympathy or mesmeric fascination; and it appeared at last there really was something to gaze at. Their attention was riveted — their eyes fixed — on a something — they knew not what. "A seal," said one; "a spar on end," said another; "a buoy broke loose, and coming in with the tide," suggested a third. They had not long to wait in suspense; the tide ran fast and full, and the object of their conjectures

moved quickly up till it came abreast of the place where they stood; then, meeting with some entanglement below, it made a halt, and, turning itself round to the company on the water-gate with Graciosa in their midst, it bobbed, and bowed, and grinned, and curtsied, turning its sightless sockets on the very spot where Graciosa stood. The hair was all fallen off, but it had clothed its scalp with a tangle of sea-wrack and diaphanous weed that glistened and glittered like an iris in the setting sun. While all stood speechless and horror-struck, it freed itself from the entanglement below, and, making a final bow to the company as it tugged itself clear, swept silently on with the tide to the estuary above the town.

In the awful hush and silence of the crowd, Graciosa was heard saying faintly, "*I have seen him again!*"

Good women, sobbing, led the tearless girl away. She was faint and weak now, and glad to be helped to bed. When the women were gone their ways, and old Phoebe and she had the chamber to themselves, she said very calmly, "I shall wear that dress no more; but keep it from the fretting-moth, for Peter's sake and mine. When next I leave this closet-bed, in which I was born," she added, after a pause, "I shall wear a different dress."

Her granny, hoping against hope, and half minded to think this the glimmer of returning reason and interest in life, inquired what dress she would choose to wear.

"A shroud," she replied, to the poor woman's dismay; nor was she pacified till she had seen the flannel brought out from its chest, and made up into that grim, horrid garb of burial.

Then she seemed easier in her mind, and said she was ready to go. After that, she wandered in her talk. Sometimes she would say, with a shudder, as the weeping women stood round her dying bed waiting for the end, "*I have seen him again!*" At other and happier moments, with a smile, "*I shall see him again!*" And with these last words of hope on her lips, she passed quietly away to join her lover, as the clock in the steeple chimed eight on Christmas day morning. It was a sad Christmas they kept that day in the old port of Hartlepool—a day of dolor and complaint, with cries of woe and loud lamentation.

Late on Christmas eve, searchers had come across that risen body, stranded in the slime and ooze of the estuary, shreds of shirt still clinging to its back, and a weight of rolled lead (such as tea is

wrapped in) tied to its heels; and now on this Christmas day, while men were following the remains of Peter Gray to their last resting-place in the churchyard of St. Hilda, pious women were laying out the dead girl's body, and arraying her for the short journey that lay between her and her lover's grave. They dressed her, not in that ugly shroud, but in those clothes poor Peter had loved so well; and very lovely her wax-like figure looked, lying in the open coffin, with many candles burning in the darkened chamber. On her finger she still wore the ring of engagement, and in her hands she clasped a little crucifix of her dead mother's. On the breast of the corpse they placed a pewter dish of salt. This is one of those quaint local customs that still maintain their ground, despite the attacks of a so-called enlightenment. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity.

For two nights, strict watch was kept round the yawning grave in the churchyard, men relieving one another by turns, with a *flare-up* of resinous chips in an open iron cage. On the third day, at sunset, the great bell tolled with heavy boom across the bay, and the street was thronged to see Graciosa borne to her lover's side. Girls in white strewed bay-leaves before her, and they sang psalms as they moved slowly up the hilly street. At the gate they were met by Mr. Crookbain, who read the Prayers for the Dead so simply and so feelingly that there was not one dry eye left among that vast concourse of mourners.

A tombstone was set up, at the public cost, to mark the spot of consecrated earth where the bodies lay; and those who choose may yet go to the wind-swept churchyard on the cliff, and see for themselves the simple epitaph that records the faithful loves and piteous fates of Peter Gray and Graciosa.

J. LAWSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY.

THE imperial destiny of the offspring of the little league of barbarian tribes, whose seats lay scattered amongst the meadows and marshes of the Eider and the lower Elbe, has affected not only history, but also the mode of writing it. A bare record of occurrences is no longer sufficient. History must do more than "merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past. It must modify his view

of the present and his forecast of the future."* The annals of that English race which has "conquered and peopled half the world" are to the historians of the present more than the annals of Rome were to those of a former age. The interest of Roman history was principally scientific, when not merely antiquarian; that of English is in the highest degree practical and real to contemporary nations. The expansion of England into the British Empire cannot but have a great, even an awful interest for those who may watch its progress, and who can hardly fail to note, at all events, its more immediate results. In truth, there are abundant signs that the imagination of all, of foreigners more than of ourselves, has been profoundly stirred by it, and that men are not satisfied with only a narrative of its development. It is the causes and the processes by which it has been produced that they wish to know. When these processes are once assumed to have been divined, immediately there arises a desire to imitate them. The record of current events shows this plainly. Never has maritime and colonizing activity been more eager than it is now. The backward are hastening to seize a share of the "distant, unsettled commercial regions" still left unappropriated. There is a widespread conviction that national greatness must depend upon maritime eminence and colonial extension; that to remain within the ancient borders is to decline. It is on this account that historical investigations of the methods by which we have acquired our present world-empire are so much more interesting than the mere record of the stages through which we have passed on the way to it.

As yet the investigation has been very insufficiently pursued. The American author—whose work† it is proposed to notice—has set himself the task of doing so more thoroughly than has yet been attempted. There is not, he says, any work which gives "an estimate of the effect of sea power upon the course of history and the prosperity of nations." In the performance of his task Captain Mahan has produced a very remarkable book. A great part of it, no doubt, is addressed chiefly to the student of naval strategy; but there are whole chapters, and many passages in others, which merit the closest attention of statesmen. The style is sin-

gularly clear, and even dignified; and sentences frequently occur which show that the author is no ordinary inquirer. Notwithstanding the more general scope indicated by its title, the book may almost be said to be a scientific inquiry into the causes which have made England great. The results of the inquiry are used didactically, and for the benefit of the author's fellow-citizens.

Though Captain Mahan is dominated by the philosophic spirit, and deals with his subject in a thoroughly scientific manner, a warmer motive than a love of science has led him to undertake the investigation. If nowhere specifically stated, the motive is still evident. It is to turn the minds of his countrymen to sea affairs. The arguments with which he supports his opinion, that their future welfare depends upon the adoption of what may be called a maritime policy, deserve serious attention, especially as they happen to have lately been illustrated by the action of his government in assembling the Pan-American Conference, in greatly strengthening the navy, and in professing to claim Behring's Sea as a *mare clausum*. If we add to these the unauthenticated, but at the same time persistent, reports of intended American acquisitions on the coast of Hayti, some of Captain Mahan's arguments will appear highly significant. His book has therefore a twofold interest. It explains how England achieved her present imperial position, and sketches a policy which the Americans are likely to follow, and which, if they do follow it, will have momentous consequences for the world at large.

The author's arguments may be stated, pretty nearly in his own words, in the terms which follow. With some remarkable exceptions the waste places of the world have been rapidly filled, and a nominal political possession now generally exists in the most forsaken regions. As the openings to immigration and enterprise offered by America and Australia diminish, a demand must arise for a more settled government in the disordered States of central and tropical South America. Reasonable stability of institutions is necessary to commercial intercourse with them, and to the peaceful development of their resources by "the citizens of more stable governments." There is no hope that this demand for political stability "can be fulfilled from existing native materials." When it arises, "no theoretical positions, like the Monroe doctrine, will prevent interested nations from

* J. R. Seeley.

† The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783. By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

attempting to remedy the evil" by political and presumably forcible interference; and "that nation will have the strongest arguments which has the strongest organized force."

Thus a collision, which "can scarcely fail to result in war," may be anticipated; and the date of its advent will be precipitated by the completion of a canal through the Central American isthmus. The execution of this work may be expected to modify commercial routes; and the well-known strategic conditions of the Mediterranean will be reproduced in the Caribbean Sea. The importance of the new channel to the United States will not be measured only by the improvement in communications between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. The geographical position of the great republic ought to give it no small advantage when the time comes for determining what people shall exert a paramount influence over the Central and South American States. If between the intrusive nations there is anything like an equilibrium of power, we shall have "the familiar and notorious example of the Turkish Empire, kept erect by the forces pressing upon it from opposing sides," reproduced in the western hemisphere. In that hemisphere the position of the United States will, or should be brought to, resemble that of England in the other.

The decline of American maritime commercial enterprise, indeed the almost total disappearance of the American flag from waters remote from home, have usually been ascribed to the depredations of Confederate cruisers during the Civil War, and to vicious legislation since. Captain Mahan incidentally shows that there is a much more sufficient explanation. It is simply that maritime undertakings were found to be less remunerative than developing the internal resources of the country. Capital has for years past found its best investments, and labor its largest opportunities, in the interior of the republic. The filling-up process, already mentioned, will soon bring round a day when shipping will again pay; and the Americans will revert to the ideas and the practice of a past generation, and place their foremost interest in the development of their marine. It is this which makes a study of the strategic aspects of the Mediterranean of such value to those who may be hereafter concerned with the Caribbean Sea. The author forcibly contends that the naval history of the past is still full of valuable lessons, particularly in the field of strategy; but also, and though in a less,

still in no inconsiderable degree, in that of tactics. His method of supporting his contention justifies the historical form in which he has cast his essay.

He urges that—if the Americans are to assume the status which they desire to hold on the other side of the Atlantic—they must set about re-establishing their maritime institutions on a proper scale. They must, as the author puts it, "build again their sea power." Of this the foundations can only be securely laid in a large commerce under the national flag. If legislative hindrances are removed, a hint which Captain Mahan's protectionist fellow-citizens will probably not fail to observe, and more remunerative fields of enterprise exhausted, the sea power will not long delay its appearance. It is interesting at this moment to inquire whether the captain represents any considerable share of the public opinion of his country in his views on points outside "protection." The swing of the political pendulum at the last presidential election brought the Republican party back into power. The platform of the Chicago Republican Convention of June, 1888—at which Mr. Harrison was selected as the candidate of the party for the presidency—contained passages which may aid us in the inquiry. The Democratic administration, which it was hoped to oust from place, was accused of inefficiency and cowardice in its conduct of foreign affairs:—

Having withdrawn from the Senate all pending treaties effected by Republican administrations for the removal of foreign burdens and restrictions on our commerce [*"foreign burdens and restrictions on American commerce"* is good], and for its extension into better markets, it has neither effected nor proposed any others instead. Professing adherence to the Monroe doctrine, it has seen with idle complacency the extension of foreign influence in Central America, and of foreign trade everywhere among our neighbors. It has refused to charter, sanction, or encourage any American organization for constructing the Nicaragua Canal, a work of vital importance to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine and of our national influence in Central and South America, and necessary for the development of trade with our Pacific territory, with South America, and with the islands and further coasts of the Pacific Ocean.

These expressions become doubly significant when it is known that their authorship is attributed to the present secretary of state, Mr. Blaine—the Mr. Blaine of the Pan-American Congress, of the Behring's *mare clausum* doctrine, of

the policy of largely increasing the navy. In fact, the "planks" of the Chicago platform, the policy of the Washington Cabinet, and the views put forward by Captain Mahan, appear to have a very close interdependence, which is the more worthy of notice because political action corresponds to party sentiment and is supported by scientific argument. It is, perhaps, not by any means without deliberate reason that Captain Mahan prefers to call the Gulf of Mexico the Caribbean Sea. The name of a foreign State is at least unrecognized in the latter appellation. The analogy between this sheet of water and the Mediterranean — on which the author is fond of expatiating, it must be owned most instructively and with great argumentative skill — has an interest more immediate than that merely connected with a historical investigation. He maintains that to provide resting-places for its ships will be one of the first duties of the government; and that it "will have to obtain in the Caribbean Sea stations fit for contingent or secondary operations." That efforts have already been made to obtain stations of the kind has been repeatedly reported in the newspapers. It will have been seen from the foregoing that Captain Mahan outlines a policy of vast importance, which had been hinted at by the managers of the party now in office, and of the practical acceptance of which by the United States Cabinet there are some convincing signs.

It is the great merit of the book that the advocacy of this far-reaching policy is based upon apposite and clearly drawn historical parallels. When internal development had been virtually completed, what was it that led to external expansion? The author answers: The possession of sea power. It is, of course, by illustrations from the history of "that English nation which more than any other has owed its greatness to the sea" that this reply is chiefly confirmed. But he draws also from other sources. In the introductory chapter there is an instructive investigation of the causes which gave the victory to Rome in her struggle with Carthage. At that period "sea power had a strategic bearing and weight which has received scant recognition." For some reason or other the "essentially non-maritime State had established over its seafaring (Carthaginian) rival a naval supremacy" which was hardly disputed in the Second Punic War. It did not exclude maritime raids large and small; for control of the sea, as we found in the days of

our predominance when at war with Napoleon, "does not imply that an enemy's single ships or small squadrons cannot steal out of port, cannot cross more or less frequented tracts of ocean, make harassing descents upon unprotected points of a long coast-line, enter blockaded harbors." Though the Roman control of the western basin of the Mediterranean could prevent none of these, yet it did forbid the sustained and secure communications which were vital to Hannibal; and by this prohibition caused his defeat and the ultimate ruin of the country which he served.

Nature and all its previous history unmistakably declared that Carthage was to flourish only as a maritime, commercial, and colonizing State. By following up the law of its being, it for a moment seized the empire of the Mediterranean world. Why it lost it, and why swiftly on the loss destruction followed, may be briefly explained. It neglected its sea power, and allowed a *parvenu* rival to surpass it in the element to which it owed all its own greatness. The clearness with which Captain Mahan puts this before his readers, is a striking proof of his command of his subject. But he suggests another instance of the deleterious effect of inattention to a country's maritime interests. This instance, if illumined by a less lurid light than that which blazed in the fall of Carthage, is more familiar to us, and historically much less remote. "France, admirably situated for the possession of sea power, received a definite policy for the guidance of her government from two great rulers, Henry IV. and Richelieu." The lead thus given was followed by Colbert; and at one period of the seventeenth century the sceptre of the sea seemed likely to fall into the hands of France. Fortunately for England, Louis XIV. determined to have a policy of his own. He nourished a persistent hostility to the Dutch, who might have served him as maritime-allies, and have been to England dangerous foes. He helped us to break the naval power of the Netherlands, and drove what remained of it over to our side. More than this: he neglected the maritime institutions of his own country, and turned "from the sea to projects of continental extension." From that moment it was decreed that maritime supremacy should never belong to France. The "false policy of continental extension" had become inveterate in French rulers. Though Canada, Louisiana, and Hayti showed what the nation was capable of in

the field of colonization, in naval policy the regent Orleans trod in the steps of the *Grand Monarque*. The results were experienced in the subsequent Seven Years' War, which virtually reduced the kingdom to its European limits. It would be hoping against hope to expect the theorists and inditers of unpractical academic essays amongst ourselves—whose historical studies are limited to the period that began with Sadowa-Königgratz, and ended with the peace of Frankfurt—it would be hoping against hope to expect such persons to learn the lesson offered by the naval history of their own country. Of that history they are completely ignorant. Persistent exaltation of the military institutions of an inexperienced and unmaritime empire has left them no time to study it. The perusal of one or two of Captain Mahan's chapters might save them from the absurdity of attempting to force upon their fellow-countrymen an imitation of German arrangements as to which there is nothing to show that they would be either suitable or possible to a long established maritime and colonizing State.

At a not very remote period in the history of that State, there occurred a series of events, the results of which conclusively established the impolicy of neglecting national conditions and natural characteristics. In the interval between the Seven Years' War and the American War of Independence, the naval power of England had been permitted to relatively decline. "Notwithstanding," says Captain Mahan, "the notorious probability of France and Spain joining in the war, the English navy was inferior in number to that of the allies" in the American war. In the preceding contest, single-handed, she had conquered France, aided by powerful allies. "Yes," exclaims our author, "but by the superiority of her government using the tremendous weapon of her sea power." In 1778-79 she had to stand on the defensive, and not only was her most formidable weapon allowed to fall into a state of inefficiency, her dispositions also were faulty. "The American War of Independence involved a departure from England's traditional and true policy, by committing her to a distant land war, while powerful enemies were waiting for an opportunity to attack her at sea." It is exactly this that the imperfectly instructed Germanizing theorists of the day wish to repeat—to commit this country to a distant land war, in a contest during which we should be open to attack by powerful naval enemies. It is not the least con-

vincing evidence of the intellectual eminence of Washington that he clearly perceived the true strategic nature of the War of Independence. "Whatever efforts are made by the land armies," he asserted, "the navy must have the casting-vote in the present contest." He formally placed upon record his conviction that upon naval superiority every hope of success must ultimately depend. The English ministers, as completely regardless of the true source of their country's power as any contemporary Anglo-Indian official in his ignorance of the conditions on which our island-realm won India, and has retained it, had committed England to the prosecution of a distant land war. The results of this policy have lost none of their instruction, and should be borne in mind by certain modern professors of imperial defence. One army after another surrendered; and though our fleet never suffered any great defeat, but won more than one brilliant, if usually barren victory, "the combined efforts of the French and Spanish fleets undoubtedly bore down England's strength, and robbed her of her colonies."

The present commercial and economic position of England is often assumed to be especially unfavorable to her in case she were engaged in a war even with an antagonist greatly her inferior in naval strength. "More than any other her wealth has been intrusted to the sea in war as in peace." Captain Mahan perceives that, as the United Kingdom now depends largely upon external sources of food-supply, France—owing to the geographical situation of her ports, and especially of the comparatively recently created Cherbourg—would perhaps be able to do her trade more mischief than in former wars. But at the same time, he pointed out that there are compensating circumstances. The enormous extension of railway communication will render the northern ports available as points of importation; and many of the routes running to them will not be very seriously threatened by cruisers using Brest or Cherbourg as bases. Cruisers needing incessant renewals of coal-supply, as those of modern times do, cannot operate very far from their supplying base. The whole question of assailing maritime trade in war is of special importance and interest to Englishmen; and it has never been so thoroughly and so scientifically investigated as by Captain Mahan in the book under notice.

Attacks directed against peaceful and

usually defenceless merchant vessels constitute a "form of warfare which has lately received the name of commerce-destroying, which the French call *guerre de course*." That a country will be harassed and distressed by serious interference with its commerce will be conceded by all. Captain Mahan, however, will not give it a place amongst the principal operations of naval warfare. "It is," he says, "doubtless a most important secondary operation; and is not likely to be abandoned till war itself shall cease." But historical evidence shows that a purely commerce-destroying or "cruising" warfare is inconclusive and worrying, but nothing more. "Regarded as a primary and fundamental measure, sufficient in itself to crush an enemy, it is probably a delusion." In 1667, Charles II., says Campbell, "took a fatal resolution of laying up his great ships, and keeping only a few frigates on the cruise." Before the year was half over the Dutch fleet was in the Medway, having caused more alarm and damage than all Charles's frigates "on the cruise" had caused to the enemy. "It was not the policy of 1667, but Cromwell's powerful fleets of ships of the line in 1652, that shut the Dutch merchantmen in their ports, and made the grass to grow in the streets of Amsterdam." Louis XIV. was driven to adopt the policy of Charles II. in the war of the Spanish succession. Though the commerce of England undoubtedly suffered to some extent, yet on the whole, so far from being destroyed, it increased. In the preceding war, when France sent great fleets to sea, "our traffic suffered excessively; our merchants many of them were ruined." In the Seven Years' War, as long as the French fleets could keep the sea, the damage done by privateers to English commerce was enormous. But the victories of Hawke and Boscawen drove the French line-of-battle fleets from the ocean. The commerce of France was nearly destroyed; but the trade of England increased yearly, "and such a scene of national prosperity, while waging a long, bloody, and costly war, was never before shown by any people in the world." The story was exactly repeated in our great conflict with revolutionary France, during the latter part of which it is well known that our maritime trade increased enormously. The truth revealed to those who inquire of naval history, and who do not form arbitrary or highly imaginative conclusions, is, that commerce-destroying as an important operation of war must be supported by fleets. It was

because our fleet was occupied in confronting those of France and Spain, which thus virtually supported the cruisers of the insurgent American colonies, that our commerce suffered at all at their hands during the War of Independence. But even then the losses of the Americans were heavier than our own, and proportionately much harder to bear. So, too, in the war of 1812, the British fleet had still to blockade the ports of the French Empire, the ships in which thus afforded an effective, if unintentional, support to the American cruisers. Here again the mischief done to our extensive commerce was absolutely less, and relatively enormously less, than that which our cruisers did to the commerce of the United States. The result of the cruises of the Alabama and Sumter in the Civil War was due to causes similar in effect if not in appearance. The Confederates, it is true, had no fleets to occupy the attention of the Federal navy. But, as a fact, nearly the whole Federal force was occupied as much as it could have been by any fleet in blockading the coasts of the Southern States; so that the seas were traversed almost at will by Semmes and his companions. Nevertheless, all the mischief that they wrought no more saved the Confederacy from falling than the capture of English merchantmen by the thousand saved Canada to France, or prevented England from seizing Havannah in one hemisphere and Manila in the other. The truth is that, though attacks on our commerce may do us immense injury, they can be frustrated by suitable measures, which can only be carried out with a sufficient number of ships of war.

Probably enough has been said to show that appeals to naval history are likely to disclose information of great practical importance to ourselves. In no country with considerable maritime interests has this class of history been more neglected than in England. Captain Mahan cites English, not foreign writers, when giving examples of a tendency to slight the bearing of maritime power upon events. This tendency was less marked amongst us formerly than it is now. To judge from literature alone, there were probably more English books published on naval subjects in the sixty years of George III.'s reign, than in the seventy that have elapsed since its close. This might be explained by the non-occurrence of naval wars in the latter period, were it not that it has been just the other way in foreign countries. In the great Continental States an amount

of attention is paid to maritime affairs which makes the relative apathy of seafaring England all the more astonishing. The great daily journals of Paris — the *Debats* and the *Temps*, to count no others — devote more space to naval matters than the whole daily press of London. In France and in Italy eminent representatives take an active part in the discussion of naval subjects, with which none but the incumbent of, or pretender to, a seat at the Admiralty and a few retired officers concern themselves in the British Parliament.

If this merely affected the *amour propre* of the naval service, and tended to leave a few grievances, real or imaginary, unredressed, it would not be worth alluding to. But it has much more serious results. Whilst our already vast maritime and transmarine interests are being daily and largely developed, concomitant measures to provide for their security have been altogether insufficiently considered by the public generally. Whilst we make an annual parade of the increasing statistics of our ocean trade, and listen to vague admissions that our naval strength ought to equal that of any two powers, it is startling to find that it was a French deputy who, in the current session of the Chamber, formally announced that during the last twenty years France and Russia had devoted to their navies about fifty millions sterling more than England had to hers. Financial arrangements are, after all, but the outward and visible sign of inward sentiment. That which it really cares to possess a free and wealthy people will resolutely set itself to obtain. The almost passionate energy with which a nation of islanders, endowed by their sea power alone with a great empire in the East, occupied themselves in strengthening one only of the frontiers — and that an inland frontier — of India, has no counterpart in its maritime policy.

The fact is, that we have permitted ourselves to be led by theorists dazzled by the glamour of a few German victories — great indeed, but over forces remarkable for the vices of their organization and discipline, and their backward state of preparation. Hence indiscriminate approbation and proposed indiscriminate adoption of German institutions. That the countrymen of Drake, of Blake, of Hawke, of Nelson; that the sons of the men who added Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and a host of other territories to the British dominions — could have tolerated advice to mimic the ways

of the unnautical drill-sergeants at Berlin, is a grave symptom of changed ideas as to the real foundation of British greatness. It is the fashion of the mimic to copy, not what is best, but what is least worthy of imitation. We might have imitated German thoroughness, German industry, German frugality, German endurance of small emolument. To imitate these things none advised. The pattern of an ugly head-dress was held to be better worth copying than the laborious devotion of its wearers to unexciting but necessary duty. The height of administrative skill has been declared to lie in the adoption of some foreign official designation. Because a corps of patient, if rather pedantic, officers work — in perfect accord with the somewhat drill-ridden institutions of their country — in a certain building on the banks of the Spree, maritime England must foist some more or less incomplete copy of their chief upon her army and navy! Study of the book which Captain Mahan has produced may save us from persistence in such folly. Naval officers, students of their profession, will find instruction on nearly every page; whilst those who cannot and need hardly be called upon to understand the diagram of a sea fight, or any distinctly technical details, may learn from it how their country achieved her present position amongst the nations, and how that position may be maintained.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

L. — OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

A SLIGHT INACCURACY.

THIS is not a tale. It is a conversation which I had with a complete stranger. If you ask me why I talked to him, I have no very good reason to give. I would simply tell you to spend three hours of solitude in that same compartment on that same line. You may not know the line; which is neither your loss nor the company's gain. I do, and I had spent three hours alone on it. And at the end of three hours I longed for human converse. I was prepared to talk Persian poetry to an assistant commissioner; I was ready to talk to any one about anything; I would have talked to a pariah dog; talked kindly, too.

So when the complete stranger got in I began at once. You see, I did not know then that he was an inaccurate young man.

I thought he was a nicely dressed, average specimen. It never does to judge from appearances. I once knew a T. G., or, rather, Tranter of the Bombay side knew him — but that is another story. First we talked weather, and then we talked horse. He smoked my cheroots, and I told him several things which were quite true. He began to look a little uneasy, as if he were not used to that kind of talk. Then he told me the story of the little mare which he bought in Calcutta. He gave Rs. 175 for her. It was thought by his friends at the time that he had been too generous; she had a very bad cough and a plaintive look in the eyes.

"I have now had her for two years," he said, slowly removing my cheroot from his lips, "and she has not got over that cough yet. She also continues to look plaintive. But she is fast. The other day I drove her sixty miles along the road in an *ekka*."

I was given to understand that the time had been five hours, twenty minutes, and a decimal. Well, a country-bred mare will go almost any pace you like to ask. I should have thought about believing the man if he had not put in the decimal. As it was, I never really wanted to call him a liar until he picked up the book which I had been reading. It was a copy of "Plain Tales from the Hills," and it lay on the seat by my side. I have a liking for that book, and I often read it. It is a good book.

"Can you understand," he asked, "why that book is so popular in England? Perhaps you will allow me to explain. I understand books as well as I understand horses and men. First, note this. Even in your schooldays you probably saw the difference between the prose of Cicero and the conversational Latin of Plautus."

This last remark enabled me to place the man. He was, it seemed, a full-sized Oxford prig. They are fond of throwing their education about like that. Which is loathly in them. But they do it. I explained to him that I had never been to school.

"Well, then, to come down to your level," he continued. "You have read English books, and you must have seen that written English is not like spoken English. When we speak, for instance — to take quite a minor point — we often put a full stop before the relative clauses — add them as an afterthought."

Which struck me as being true.

"But when we write we only put a comma. The author of 'Plain Tales from

the Hills' saw this, and acted on the principle. He punctuated his writing as he did his speaking; and used more full stops than any man before him. Which was genius."

I think — I am not sure, but I think — that at this point I blushed.

"Secondly, the public want to be mystified. They like references to things of which they have never heard. They read the sporting papers for that reason. So this man wrote Anglo-Indian life, and put very little explanation into it. It was all local color. Do you suppose the average cockney knows what 'P. W. D. accounts' are? Of course he doesn't. But he likes to be treated as if he did. The author noted this point. And that also shows genius. Thirdly, the public do *not* like the good man, nor do they like the bad man. They like the man-who-has-some-good-in-him-after-all. 'I am cynical,' says our author, 'and desperately worldly, and somewhat happy-go-lucky, yet I, the same man, am interested in children. Witness my story of Tods and my great goodness to Muhammed Din. With all my cynicism I have a kind heart. Was I not kind even unto Jellaludin? I am the man-who-has-some-good-in-him-after-all.' Love me!

Genius again. Fourthly, take the subject-matter — soldiers, horses, and flirts. Of these three the public never weary. It may not have been genius to have seen that. And the public like catch words. I knew a girl once who did the serio-comic business at the — but that is another story. To recognize the beauty of catch-words may not be genius either. But it *is* genius to say more than you know, and to seem to know more than you say — to be young and to seem old. There are people who are connected with the government of India who are so high that no one knows anything about them except themselves, and their own knowledge is very superficial. Is our author afraid? Not a bit. He speaks of them with freedom but with vagueness. He says Up Above. And the public admire the freedom, and never notice the vagueness. Bless the dear public!"

The train and the complete stranger stopped simultaneously. I was not angry. "How do you come to know the workings of the author's mind?" I asked.

I put this question calmly, and I waited to see him shrivel.

He never shrivelled. He was getting his gun-case out from under the seat. "I am the author," he said blandly. "Good afternoon." Then he got out.

He was so bland that I should have quite believed him if I had not written the book myself. As it is, I feel by no means sure about it.

Which is curious.

II. — OF MR. JOHN RUSKIN.

FROM LECTURE I. — ARROWROOT.

49. EAT! Nay, you do not eat. I do not know why any man of us under heaven should talk about eating. We spend our money — the money of a great nation — on filthy fossils and bestial pictures; on party journals and humiliating charities; on foolish books and gas-lit churches. And on solid, honest beef we will spend nothing, unless we are driven by necessity; and even then, there are those who content them with frozen mutton, the fat of which is base and inferior. I do not think there is any sadder sight in this world than a nation without appetite.

I have pointed out to-night that the meat and vegetables which you have despised — nay, which you are daily despising — go to form part of the body; and that the brain is a part of the body; and that on the brain all just conceptions depend. So far we found that the scientist was with us. I left him dazed and trembling, hesitating on the verge of conclusions which I have not feared to state quite plainly. If you forget every other word that I have said, remember at least those conclusions; for I do feel that they are significant and important to every one of us. I will state them once more. *The brain life increases with the amount we eat. If we would have just conceptions, we must devour seven solid meat-meals a day.* You do not do it. You cannot, in any true sense, be said to eat. Why do you thus neglect your duty? Have patience with me a little longer, and I will show you why.

I say, firstly, that with most of us this thing is a physical impossibility. We trifle in some sort with three, or, at the most, four meat-meals, and we dare to say that we eat. I do not wish to speak wildly or harshly. On the contrary, the wonder to me is that we can do what we do on the little that we take. But have we not fallen very low when, in our struggle upwards, we find ourselves blocked by a physical impossibility? Secondly, we are the victims of the insanity of avarice. How long most people would look at the largest turbot before they would give the price of a first folio of Shakespeare for it! We venture even to ask the blessing of heaven

on lentil soup and a slice of jam pudding. For what do you suppose is the cause of this consuming white leprosy of vegetarian restaurants which has broken out all over our fair land? Lentil soup is cheap, and for that reason we allow it to take the place of nobler food. Every day I see in your streets some fresh sign of this insanity. I see men go forth from their houses and pollute the pure morning air with the breath of their filthy lungs, when that same breath might be sweetened and disinfected with the aroma of a *Villar y villar*. Is this offence against nature excusable on any plea of economy?

Lastly. You are influenced by fashion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will say nothing of fashion, and I will not chide you. I know that you are weak, and the knowledge saddens me. I will only ask you to let me read to you four lines of true poetry: —

Her eyes were deeper than the depths
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Ay, and even to-night it may be that this blessed damozel looks down upon us from heaven's golden bar. Can you not picture the sorrow that must be in her eyes? Can you be any longer content that your meat-meals shall be as the lilies, and not as the stars in number? Remember this, my friends: *The lilies look up to the stars.*

50. What, then, shall we do? I have now spoken to you for several hours, and I must bring my lecture to an end. I have drawn my bow at a venture; I have shot my arrow; I shall find it after many days; not, as the poet sings, in the heart of an oak, but in the root of our national degradation. That, indeed, is one of the reasons why I called this lecture "Arrowroot." What shall we do? The night is here in which no man can either work or eat. For the present, my friends, our holiest act will be to go to bed. And if, as you lie there to-night, sleep refuses to come to you, take refuge in no vile drugs, no doctor's narcotics. Drink rather of the pure arrowroot; in other words, read a few pages of this lecture, which I have had printed by an entirely honest man, as well as he can do it, and which will be sold for a just price at the door of the hall. So shall you sleep well.

And on the morrow may we wake, you and I, with fresh strength and a better appetite.

III.—OF MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHRIS AND CHRISSIE.

AT this my uncle raised himself slowly from his chair. All his actions were slow and deliberate, not from laziness or rheumatics, from which two complaints he never suffered, but because he would undertake nothing without due care and forethought. And this was one of the reasons why he was so respected that his opinion was constantly being asked in the village, and his orchards were never robbed except in unusually good seasons, when the fine sense of the Lonton boys pointed out to them that the jargonelles were unduly plentiful, and should be thinned, in order to promote more thankfulness for the remainder.

He went straight to the little corner cupboard where the cigars were kept, drew his bunch of keys with the yellow labels on them from his pocket, and attempted to unlock the door with the key of the little tool-house that stood at the south end of the garden, just where the Lonton Brook entered our land; being, in fact, a little short-sighted, but unwilling to acknowledge the fact from humility, lest he should be credited with a greater age than it had pleased Providence to give him. He found the right key at last, and got the door open. There were two boxes—one of threepenny and one of sixpenny. That, at least, was the way he distinguished them, having a hearty contempt for all foreign names and fal-lals, as became a good English market-gardener with land of his own and the third best pew in the village church. Now these cigars were a luxury, upon the purchase of which my uncle never would have embarked knowingly; but the unforeseen overtakes us in many ways, and assuredly it had overtaken my uncle in the matter of these cigars. His head-man, Long Jim, had showed such misplaced confidence in human nature as to send bushel after bushel of early kidneys up to the Green Lion as fast as the landlord, a man of no principle, liked to order them. Now it was well known all over Lonton that the Green Lion was in a failing way, the beer being inferior and the house standing too far back from the coach-road. At any rate, as no money was forthcoming, my uncle had been compelled to take the Green Lion's entire stock of cigars instead; and though it grieved him at the time, he found them useful afterwards to mark occasions.

"Which shall it be, Chris; threepenny

or sixpenny?" he said. "Chris, you're a good lad, and you're going to marry a sensible girl with no nonsense about her. So it shall be a sixpenny. Chris, my boy, you shall see me smoke a sixpenny in honor of your Chrissie."

I thanked him humbly, feeling quite sure now that he considered it a great occasion and one of which he approved. For the sixpennies not only cost twice as much as the others, but did not entirely suit him, being very full in flavor and (it was thought by those who had had the good luck to try them) a trifle out of condition. I made a paper spill and lit his cigar for him, and mixed him a second glass of rum-and-water without saying anything about it. He did not seem to notice what I had done, but he sipped it cheerfully. He only allowed himself one glass every night; sometimes I took upon myself to mix him a second, when the weather had been wayward, and he seemed to me to require consolation. He always chided me for doing it; but, being a sensible man, and knowing that there should be no bad blood between near relations, he would finally forgive me and drink the liquor; for he knew that, if he did not drink it, it would fall to the portion of our old servant Martha, and that rum-and-water was too high feeding for that spirited old dame. At this moment Martha tapped at the door and entered. She told us that Long Jim had just come back from Birstock, that he had put up the cart and seen to the pony, and that she had given him supper, as ordered. Further, that Long Jim had eaten two pounds of solid beef, but had not touched the under-cut, having been duly instructed that the under-cut was not for the likes of him; that he had drunk therewith three pints of the second-best ale; that he seemed to have something on his mind, and had hardly spoken; and that he sent his respects and compliments, and would like to speak to Master Chris."

"I will go to him," I said, starting up.

"No, no," said my uncle, with a natural feeling that Long Jim was his property and had no business to speak at all, except in his presence and after encouragement; "show him in here."

Long Jim's real name was James Long. But he had been called Long Jim from his great height. He was a thin, dry, humble, dejected man. He had a large family, and worked hard for them; and was treated with a good deal of loving contempt by his busy little wife. He came shambling into the room with his hat in

one hand, and gazed sheepishly first at my uncle and then at myself.

"You may sit down, James Long," said my uncle, "and tell me what you have to say."

He seated himself awkwardly: "There be a wise woman come to Birstock, and she do say that there be rain more'n enow to fall next Lord's Day, an' it seemeth."

"Jim," I struck in, for I could see his manner, "you're lying. Tell us the truth, and don't shirk it."

"Miss Chrissie Greenhouse hath left her home, and no man knoweth where she be, no, not one on 'em, nor why she hath done it."

I do not quite know what happened next. My uncle shaded his eyes with one hand, as if the glare of the candles hurt them. I felt that I must do something, or die. So I drank my uncle's rum-and-water. I could hear poor Jim blubbering. My uncle was the first to speak.

"James Long, be quiet." I never before had seen my uncle look so brave and noble as he did then. "Where are we?"

"In the first vollum," sobbed Jim.

"Then we must at once get on a false scent, and, to do that, we must have a detective. We must keep on with the false scent all through the second volume, and find the right trail about the beginning of the third. Bear up, Chris, my boy. We're all right because we're in a novel. Have a cigar. Have a six—I mean, have a threepenny cigar."

It was my first cigar. While I smoked it, we discussed our plans.

"George Bradby is at the bottom of this," I said. My uncle slapped his knee. "You're right, Chris. Of course, he isn't really," he added in a whisper, "but we must keep it up."

"Else there'll be no second vollum," said Jim sadly.

IV. — OF MR. WALTER PATER.

MARIUS AT SLOANE STREET.

ABOVE all, there was at this time a desire abroad to attain that which was best. It had spread over the country like a great wave; its furthest ripple reaching even to the lower and more common minds, and awakening in them an intelligent seriousness, a newer and brighter perception of their own immediate good, and the will to secure it at any cost to others. It seemed, as it were, a stray fragrance from the old school of Cyrene, blown by some petulant wind down the ages, and lighting at last upon this weary, overwrought civil-

ization. At least this lucent, flamelike devotion to self—this strenuous, almost feverish worship of the ego—was there, vividly present amongst men, and like to some new religion in its animating power. And if upon its high altar the happiness of others had to be sacrificed to personal and individual ends, that sacrifice was ever made—as, indeed, all such must be made—in perfect simplicity and hopefulness. There was no tetchy, fretful complaining. The individual and his ideal being one, his holiest act was to please himself. All that was lost, with that purpose, was well lost; the highest and purest form of asceticism was the utter devotion to self.

Marius—susceptible, as he had ever been, to all sweet influences—found himself strangely dominated by the beauty of this new spirit. Standing at the corner of the old *Via Sloanensis*, he felt almost faint with the longing to do something—a little thing, perhaps, but still something—to show how he loved himself. The public vehicles—snow-white or scarlet, sapphire or peach-color—passed before him in gorgeous procession from the distant circus. To him—as, indeed, to others—each color had an inner meaning, and was only decorative. It was an appeal, a voice that called:—

"Come into us. Be part of us. Come to the dreamy south or to the burning west. Come all the way, all the way!"

The afternoon had been broken by showers, the wind only half drying the pavement before another torrent came; and Marius noted the ardent and special apprehension of the *subsellia interiora* of these vehicles, and the musical chant of *Plenum intra! Plenum intra!* Yes, even in this crowd of quite ordinary and common people, the new spirit was showing itself. The renunciation of others for self, that true sacrifice, was made again and again, willingly and cheerfully, each time that one of these public vehicles stopped.

A chance gave Marius his opportunity, and he at once decided to take it. "I am going from this wet weariness," he said to Cornelius, who stood by his side. "In yonder vehicle there is room for one only; I shall be that one; and you, dear friend, will wait for the next."

Without another word he pushed his way through the throng. Never had he been more conscious of his strength, his great, fiery manhood. Carelessly enough he flung from the step of the vehicle some daughter of the people who would have

anticipated him. He had not noticed that she was not alone. Afterwards he could remember but little of what next happened. His capacity for receiving exquisite physical impressions seemed suddenly satiated by some intense experience. He was only conscious of quick movement; and then he knew that he had seated himself in the road, and that the people were crowding about him. For a few seconds he seemed to be living too quickly, too keenly.

"What has happened?" he gasped, with a look of mad appeal.

"You have been kicked," said Cornelius simply, as he helped him to his feet.

"Ah!" He limped away with the young soldier. "I have indeed been kicked," he said very slowly. Then, as the fulness and sharpness of the sensation became more convincing, he burst out: "*Vixi! Vixi!* And where is the nearest temple of *Æsculapius*?"

V. — OF COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOI.

DONOVITCH'S CONFESSION (SHOCKINGLY TRANSLATED).

DONOVITCH uttered two sighs, and for some time remained silent. His face had become longer, and there was more of his mouth. His ears twitched. It was frightful. Two passengers who had been going on to Liverpool Street got out at Charing Cross. I think they said that they would go on by the next 'bus. One of them was a young woman; she wore a green hat. It has nothing to do with the story or anything else, and that is why I mention it. I am a Russian realist, and in a fair way of business. Admire, and pass on.

"Music is an awful thing," he went on at last. "What is it? Why does it do what it does? What is there in his wife's musical evening that makes the husband to be detained on business? Answer me that. You cannot? I will tell you, because I *know*. People say that music causes *ennui*; that it bores; also, that it occasionally distracts. Lies, lies, lies — all lies! It elevates the soul. That is why music is so dangerous and acts at times in so peculiar a manner. If one's soul is elevated too far — how am I to express myself? — if one's soul passes out of one's reach, one has to get along without it until it comes down again.

"On that particular morning it was bright and sunny. I felt light, but prescient; I knew that the Italian would come again, and that something would happen. I want you to see that I was not entirely myself even before the Italian came.

New feelings, new qualities suddenly declared themselves within me. What was I experiencing? Dyspepsia? I cannot say. The Italian came at eleven o'clock. I hated him — hated his black hair and coarse face — hated the mechanical piano with the green baize covering — hated the immoral monkey which sat on the top. I would not let them see that I hated them. I was too proud for that, but my heart swelled. It was very painful, but I kept quiet. I was determined to be perfectly natural; so I went to the sideboard and drank a glass of *vodka*. Then I lit a cigarette; I thought that it would deaden the feeling. I said to my soul: 'Soul, don't move. Stop where you are. Refuse to be elevated.' Yet I must confess that directly he began to play 'See-saw' I felt my control over myself lapsing from me. I went to the window and looked at the Italian. I can see him now — a man in robust health, well nourished, with horrible red lips, turning a handle. Do you know 'See-saw'? They always play it at the circus when the two performing dogs are fooling about at opposite ends of a plank. Every bar sends the soul up with a jerk; you will not believe me, but there is a point at which one positively wishes the music to stop. With me, that point was reached very soon. I flung open the window and said distinctly: 'Go away. Go quite away, and leave my soul alone, can't you?' I do not think the Italian understood. His monkey grinned. Oh, why did it grin? It ought not to have grinned. It is immoral to grin. In China monkeys are only allowed to grin on important occasions. Here they do it in the open street, with young girls passing every minute. Do let us be moral! Have you never thought what the effect *must* be on the cab-horses? The Italian changed his tune. It was a florid arrangement of a music-hall song — I forget by what composer. I turned back into the room and flung myself on a sofa. I sobbed, but I do not know why. Then I put on my boots, and smoked two cigarettes at once, to deaden the feeling. I may tell you that I knew very well now what I was going to do; it was all planned in my mind just as it actually happened. Yet if he had stopped playing at that moment all might have been well. He did not stop, he began to play 'Annie Rooney.'

"I crept with soft, wolf-like steps into the hall. I took from the umbrella-stand a slightly curved Damascus blade which had never been used, and which was extremely sharp. It had been intended for

the water-rate, but now I had another use for it. Then I put on my hat and went out. I do not remember how I got out of the front door and into the street. I cannot say how I moved, whether I walked or ran. I remember nothing of all that. I remember only the expression of the Italian's face as I stepped towards him, holding the dagger behind me. It was an expression of terror—absolute, abject terror. I was glad to see it. The monkey looked annoyed, and darted a quick look of interrogation at his master. Suddenly the Italian smiled, and assuming an air of indifference so false as to be ludicrous, said: 'We was giving you a little music.'

"He did not finish his sentence. I felt the need of giving free course to my rage. With a sudden cry I flung myself upon him. I must have frightened him dreadfully, for he became as white as a sheet; he ran away accompanied by the monkey.

"You are poltroons, poltroons!" I shouted after them. I did not care much, because the mechanical piano was there. I took it by the handle with both hands and shook it convulsively. The contact was repulsive, but I felt driven to it. It shrieked terribly. Then I felt that this was not enough; it did not satisfy me. I raised my dagger and struck it twice in the 'Annie Rooney' section. It never struggled. There was a jet of warm arpeggios, and then it was still. I crept back again to the house, and smoked some more cigarettes. Then I went to sleep. I slept for two days."

Donovitch ceased, and buried his head in his hands.

"This is Liverpool Street," I remarked.

He rose hurriedly, to descend from the 'bus, tumbled down the flight of steps and broke his silly neck.

I am a respectable Russian realist, but I *was* glad.

shown the most interesting of the many treasures which are fondly preserved there; this being the manuscript journal in two volumes wherein Sir Walter entered the inmost thoughts of his heart during the closing and overcast years of his life. Her Majesty wrote her name on the inner side of the vellum cover of the first volume in remembrance of her visit.

In Lockhart's "Life of Scott," a work which has but one equal in English biographical literature, it is stated that, in the autumn of 1825, the late Mr. Murray sent Lockhart a transcript of the diary which Byron kept at Ravenna, and gave him permission to hand it to Sir Walter, who, being impressed with what he read, resolved to follow Byron's example. Accordingly, he procured a thick quarto volume, bound in vellum and fitted with a lock and key, and wrote on the title-page, "Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., his Gurnal." This was followed by the motto:—

As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.

(Old Song.)

A footnote to "Gurnal" runs: "A hard word, so spelt on the authority of Miss Sophia Scott, now Mrs. Lockhart." When his elder daughter was a little girl she had kept a note-book during an expedition to the Highlands and styled it her "Gurnal." The first entry which Sir Walter made is dated the 20th of November, 1825, and he then wrote: "I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting, and have deprived my family and the public of some curious information, by not carrying this resolution into effect." Lockhart reproduced many passages from this journal. Before doing so, he wrote that no chapter in it could "be printed *in extenso* within a few years of the writer's death," and that he had "found it necessary to omit some passages altogether—to abridge others—and very frequently to substitute asterisks or arbitrary initials for names."

Nearly sixty years have now elapsed since Sir Walter's death, and the reasons which rightly weighed with Lockhart are no longer valid, and Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the possessor of the journal, has very properly decided to give it to the world. Mr. David Douglas, who has edited the journal with great care and ability, has had at his disposal unpublished letters of Scott, the "Reminiscences" in manuscript of

From The Quarterly Review.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT records in his journal that he dined with the Duchess of Kent on the 19th of May, 1828, and was then "presented to the little Princess Victoria." Thirty-nine years later "the little princess" of Sir Walter's day paid a visit as queen to Abbotsford, and was

* *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott, 1825-1832.* From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1890.

James Skene, one of Sir Walter Scott's oldest and most intimate friends, as well as those of James Ballantyne, who was Sir Walter's school companion and partner in the printing business. Many explanatory notes, drawn from these unpublished sources, appear in the journal; they throw a new light upon the things and persons mentioned in the text, while other notes elucidate references and quotations which might puzzle those readers whose acquaintance with literature and history is less minute and comprehensive than that of Mr. Douglas.

Lest it should be supposed that the extracts given in Lockhart's "Life" represent the greater part of what was worth reproducing from Sir Walter's journal, it may be stated that nearly half of the matter in the two printed volumes is now made public for the first time, while much that is familiar to the readers of the "Life" had passed through the editorial alembic and undergone a change in the process. Lockhart's task was very delicate and trying. He had to choose between suppressing interesting matter which might give offence to living persons, and producing passages which would excite controversy as well as cause annoyance. Though acting on the whole with singular skill and discretion, yet he may have been too rigid at times in his editorial supervision. The reader of the extracts given by him would naturally ask: "Would Sir Walter approve of any part of the journal being published?" This question remains unanswered, though the answer was easy. The second sentence in the journal puts Sir Walter's view beyond doubt, as he says he regrets not having kept a regular journal on the two-fold ground, that he had lost recollection of much that was interesting, and had deprived his family "and the public" of some curious information. Lockhart struck out the words "and the public," and by so doing he left a doubt as to his father-in-law's expectation concerning the fate of his journal. Yet he had no doubt in his own mind, as is shown by the following words in a letter which he wrote to Croker on the 26th of May, 1853: "Scott clearly, and indeed avowedly, considered himself as writing [in his journal] what would one day be published."

On the 18th of December, 1825, when Sir Walter's fears as to impending bankruptcy had been momentarily dispelled, he writes: "An odd thought strikes me: when I die will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Ab-

botsford, and read as the transient pout of of a man worth 60,000*l.*, with wonder that the well-seeming baronet should ever have experienced such a hitch?" It is obvious from the foregoing references that Sir Walter looked forward to the words, which he committed to paper in the privacy of his study, being printed and circulated. He may also have foreseen with indifference or equanimity the editing which his distinguished son-in-law thought fit to exercise. Indeed, Sir Walter's own words can be cited to show how ready he was to submit to editorial supervision in his own case, and others are on record showing that he was rigidly opposed to suppressing or attenuating anything from the pen of a classical writer. When forwarding the manuscript of a review of "Pepys's Diary," Sir Walter wrote to Lockhart: "Perhaps I have made it too long, or introduced too many extracts — if so, use the pruning-knife, hedge-bill, or axe, *ad libitum*. You know I don't care a curse about what I write, or what becomes of it." While, then, Lockhart may have considered himself fully authorized to edit the journal with unswerving strictness, it is open to question whether he was uniformly discreet. Though some of the omissions and alterations may be justifiable, others scarcely admit of defence, and the following is one of them. When Sir Walter was preparing a new edition of "St. Ronan's Well," he commented upon the work, and said among other things: "I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way to see and remark the ridiculous in society." The last sentence as quoted by Lockhart runs: "I am too much out of the way," those words not conveying a clear notion of what Sir Walter meant. It is unnecessary to multiply instances in which the passages which are given in the "Life" differ from those in the journal, and which now appear in the volumes before us as they were originally penned. Moreover, the journal in its present form is a chronological record, whereas many passages were transposed by Lockhart, and others were separated, to make room for the insertion of letters and remarks. In short, with the exception of a few details of purely "family and domestic interest," the reader has now before him a faithful transcript of Sir Walter Scott's journal, and the work in its present shape has all the flavor and interest of novelty.

While reading it we share Sir Walter's regret that he had not kept a journal all his life; at the same time, the part of his

life whereof it gives a faithful and vivid picture is the most chequered and also the most creditable in his whole career, and we rise from perusing the narrative of Sir Walter's feelings and his struggles with heightened admiration for him as a man. He was great in his prosperity; but he was almost sublime in the dark days of adversity. Few among the sons of men had a nobler and finer spirit than Sir Walter Scott, and no man has ever lived whose life abounds in brighter illustrations of the virtues which ennoble humanity.

Lockhart's "Life of Scott" is so popular a work, and its interesting contents are so familiar to the public, that it is only necessary to allude to the most striking events in Scott's career, in order to render the journal more intelligible, and enable the reader to sympathize more fully with its writer.

Sir Walter had ancestors of whom he was proud and half ashamed; they were of gentle birth and doubtful character. Not remembering the Spanish proverb, "There is little curiosity about the pedigree of a good man," Sir Walter wrote: "Every Scottishman has a pedigree," and he was pleased to trace his descent from men who had been notorious in their day, and whose achievements largely consisted in cutting their neighbors' throats and carrying off their cattle. When Sydney Smith was pestered by a lady as to who his grandfather was, he silenced her by remarking that his grandfather "disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions." Sir Walter would have thought it no cause for shame if one of his ancestors had been hanged, provided it was for rebellion in 1715 or 1745.

Born on the 15th of August, 1771, he was smitten at the age of eighteen months with a malady which crippled him for life, his right leg becoming powerless in a night. Everything that medical art could accomplish proved ineffectual, and, though the boy regained strength and was able to walk, his right leg never served him so well as the other. Among other experiments, a course of waters at Bath was prescribed, and he spent a year there. Little Walter was taken to Bath when he was four, and he left it no better in physical health, yet mentally advanced, having acquired his first elements of reading at a day school, kept by an old dame.

He was in danger of being murdered by a lunatic nurse to whom he was entrusted when an infant; happily, the nurse con-

fessed to the housekeeper that the devil had tempted her to cut the child's throat with a pair of scissors, and the child was at once taken out of her hands. At the age of twenty-one Scott had a narrow escape when on a visit to Rosslyn, his foot slipping as he was scrambling towards a cave and, as Mr. Gillies says, "had there been no trees in the way, he must have been killed, but midway he was stopped by a large root of hazel, when instead of struggling, which would have made matters greatly worse, he seemed perfectly resigned to his fate, and slipped through the tangled thicket till he lay flat on the river's bank." Later in life his amanuensis, Henry Weber, became insane, produced a pair of pistols, and proposed that a duel should be fought across the writing-desk in the study. As Scott did not lose his presence of mind, he succeeded in soothing the maniac, and Weber was in due time secured and deprived of the power to work mischief. We now learn from his journal that he had several other hair-breadth escapes. On the 19th of December, 1827, he wrote: "I have had madmen on my hand too, and was once nearly Kotzebue by a lad of the name of Sharpe." Indeed, there are nearly as many romantic incidents in Scott's career as in some of his novels.

His most serious illness in early life occurred when he was in his fifteenth year. Twelve months previously he had been apprenticed to his father with a view to becoming a writer to the Signet, and had entered, as he writes, "the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances." A blood-vessel in the lower bowel having burst, his life was in jeopardy; his uncle, the eminent physician, Dr. Rutherford, "considered his recovery as little less than miraculous." Scott records that with this illness he "bade farewell both to disease and medicine," and that his frame gradually became hardened with his constitution, and adds that,

being both tall and muscular, I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day.

While Scott was brimful of life and energy, reading, walking, hunting, and shooting with intense and untiring eagerness, and excelling in whatever was his fancy for the moment, he failed in one of the desires of his heart, and that was to be-

come an artist. In the fragment of autobiography he writes that

the humble ambition, which I long cherished, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of eye or of hand was totally ineffectual. After long study and many efforts, I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practise.

This was written in 1808; in his journal he wrote the following passage on the same subject, which Lockhart did not publish:—

I took lessons of oil-painting in youth of a clever Jew animalcule, a smouch called Burrell, a clever sensible creature though; but I could make no progress in painting or drawing. Nature denied me correctness of eye and neatness of hand, yet I was very desirous to be a draughtsman at least, and labored harder to attain that point than at any other in my recollection, to which I did not make some approaches. My oil-paintings were to Miss —, above commemorated, what hers are to Claude Lorraine. Yet Burrell was not useless to me altogether neither; he was a Prussian, and I got from him many a long story of the battles of Frederic, in whose armies his father had been a commissary, or perhaps a spy. I remember his picturesque account of seeing a party of the Black Hussars bringing in some forage carts, which they had taken from a body of the Cossacks, whom he described as lying on the top of the carts of hay, mortally wounded, and, like the Dying Gladiator, eying their own blood as it ran through the straw. I afterwards took lessons from Walker, whom he used call Bluebeard. He was one of the most conceited persons in the world, but a good teacher—one of the ugliest countenances he had too. . . . I did learn myself to take some vile views from nature. . . . Going down to Liddesdale once, I drew the castle of Hermitage in my fashion, and sketched it so accurately, that with a few verbal instructions Clerk put it into regular form, Williams (the Grecian) copied over Clerk's, and *his* drawing was engraved as the frontispiece of the first volume of the Kelso edition, "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Do you know why you have written all this down, Sir W.? Because it pleases me to record that this thrice-transmitted drawing, though taken originally from a sketch of mine, was extremely like Hermitage, which neither of my colleagues in the task had ever seen.

After relinquishing the hope of becoming an artist, Scott also relinquished the profession of which his father was an ornament, and he studied for the Scottish bar, to which he was called in 1792. He was a jovial companion, given to good fellowship, being the soul of the company.

He "had his time of merry doings," as he wrote in his journal on the first of February, 1828, adding: "But it was for the sake of sociality—never either for the flask or the venison." As a young man he was pronounced "a comely creature" by a lady of high rank, and though physically disqualified for shining in a ball-room, he was not wholly out of his element even there when a lady was at his elbow who could appreciate his conversation. "It was a proud evening with me," he said to Lockhart, "when I first found that a pretty woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with me, hour after hour, in a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view." This pretty woman married another to his sorrow, and then he found another to marry him. On the 24th of December, 1797, he was wedded in St. Mary's, Carlisle, to Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, whose mother's name was Charpentier, a French lady in whose welfare and that of her daughter the Marquess of Downshire took a personal interest. The marquess acted as guardian to the daughter, and gave his consent to the marriage. Though Scott's practice at the bar was not large, it was increasing, and his income, joined to that of his wife, formed a sum large enough for the requirements of both. Two years after his marriage he was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, and this added 300*l.* a year to his income. An uncle died in 1804, leaving him a legacy, and then his fixed income did not much fall short of 1,000*l.*

Before marriage he had written verses; but little had proceeded from his pen which was markedly superior to the rhymes of the day. A translation of Bürger's "Leonore" caused Miss Cranstoun to remark: "Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray." In 1802 the first and second volumes of Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" appeared, the work being so successful that a third volume was added to it. The compiler was satisfied with the sum of 78*l.* 10*s.*, which he obtained for the first edition. Writing to his friend Ellis a few months after its publication, he says: "As for my own employment, I have yet much before me; and as the beginning of the letting out of ink is like the letting out of water, I dare say I shall go on scribbling one nonsense on another to the end of the chapter." At the beginning of January, 1805, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was pub-

lished, and its extraordinary success made literature the business of Scott's life. While this poem was the subject of general talk and praise, its author was engaged in a prose work, of which he wrote seven chapters, and laid the manuscript aside because his friend, William Erskine, afterward Lord Kinneder, pronounced an unfavorable judgment upon it. These chapters are the opening ones of "Waverley."

While Scott's popularity was in its bloom, he visited London with a view to secure the office of clerk of the Court of Session, which he effected, though he did not receive the salary, which was 1,300*l.*, till 1812, and then his official income was nearly 2,000*l.* a year. Scott received 269*l.* 6*s.* as his share of the profits of the "Lay," and then he sold the copyright for 500*l.* As many as forty-four thousand copies were disposed of before 1830, when the edition of his works with biographical introduction was prepared. The same year in which Scott achieved his first great success as a poet he perpetrated the greatest blunder of his life. Then it was that he became a partner in the printing firm of Ballantyne and Co. He had made James Ballantyne's acquaintance at the Kelso Grammar School; afterwards he had helped Ballantyne with advances of money, and now, instead of lending him more money, he consented to embark capital in the printing business and become his partner.

On the 23rd of February, 1808, "Marmion" appeared, and its popularity was instantaneous and striking. A quarto edition of two thousand copies, at the price of a guinea and a half each, was sold within a month, and editions followed each other in rapid succession, till the total number of copies sold amounted to fifty-six thousand at the time that Lockhart wrote Scott's "Life." Not satisfied with working his poetical vein, Scott engaged in editing editions of Dryden's works, of Somer's tracts, and the Sadler state papers, much of this labor being designed to keep the presses going in the firm in which he had a third share.

Not satisfied with becoming his own printer, he also arranged to become his own publisher. In 1808 the firm of John Ballantyne and Co., booksellers, was formed, in which Scott appears to have found all the capital, though his own share is put at a half. James Ballantyne, the printer, was a shrewd man who had a taste for literature and considerable critical acumen. Whether he was the right man

to manage a printing business may be doubted, but there is no question as to the incapacity of his younger brother, John, for conducting the business of publishing. When the world envied Scott his gains, and Byron thought it seemly to sneer at him as "Apollo's venal son," simply because his poems had been profitable, the money which he earned by his pen went to feed the Ballantyne companies, the sum sunk in them between 1805 and 1809 approaching 9,000*l.*

The "Lady of the Lake," which had been expected with intense eagerness, was published in May, 1810, and it surpassed the highest anticipations. Two thousand copies in quarto, at two guineas each, were sold immediately after publication, and twenty thousand copies in octavo were disposed of within four months.

In 1811 Scott linked himself to his native soil for the rest of his life by becoming the possessor of the site on which Abbotsford now stands. He bought a small farm on the bank of the Tweed, which had once formed part of the lands attached to Melrose Abbey, and which bore the unattractive name of "Clarty," or "Filthy, Hole." Till then he had occupied Ashestiel; but the lease having expired, and 4,000*l.*, the sum required for buying the farm, being in his possession, he gratified the desire of his heart and became a laird. "We are not a little proud," he wrote to his brother-in-law, "of being greeted as *laird and lady of Abbotsford*," the name which he gave to his property. He was intent upon adding to as well as improving his property, and he was delighted when, in the summer of 1813, he had enlarged the boundary of his estate to Cauldshields Loch, which formed a contrast at the one extremity to the river Tweed at the other. At this time Byron wrote in his journal that Walter Scott "is undoubtedly the monarch of Parnassus." He deserved the compliment. However, like many a wearer of a crown, he was oppressed with care and harassed almost to death.

The sums which he received from his works in verse and prose were so large as to have justified him in buying much land and building a house to suit his fancy, if he had not been a partner in the printing and publishing firms to which the Ballantynes gave their names and to which he furnished the capital. In consequence of mismanagement both firms became embarrassed, and the appeals to Scott for pecuniary help were so many, that he added the following significant and pathetic postscript to a letter to John Bal-

lantyne: "For God's sake treat me as a man, and not as a milch cow." He declared his intention of withdrawing from both firms; unfortunately for his peace of mind this good resolution was abandoned. An arrangement was made with Constable which enabled the two firms to continue business till the publishing one was dissolved and the printing one became bankrupt. While worried by the Ballantynes, and reduced to apply to the Duke of Buccleuch to become guarantor for 4,000*l.*, a request which was instantly and gracefully acceded to, Scott was engaged in editing Swift's works, writing a life of the dean, and composing the "Lord of the Isles." One day in searching for some fishing-tackle in an old writing-desk, he put his hand upon the manuscript of "Waverley" which had been written nearly ten years before, looked at five years later, and then mislaid.

It is scarcely possible now to realize the effect produced at the time by the publication of such a novel as "Waverley" (1814). Though published at the dulllest season of the year in the book market, the month in which it appeared being July, yet one thousand copies were sold within five weeks. A second edition of two thousand was rapidly disposed of, and a fourth edition appeared before the end of the year. Constable would not give more than 700*l.* for the copyright, but Scott refused to take less than 1,000*l.*, a sum which Constable realized from his share of the profits before six months after publication. In a financial as well as a literary sense "Waverley" was a marvel.

In January, 1815, the "Lord of the Isles" appeared, and, as Scott wrote to Morritt, this closed his "poetic labors upon an extended scale." He also told him, "I want to shake myself free of 'Waverley,' and accordingly have made a considerable exertion to finish an odd little tale, within such time as will satisfy the public, I trust; unless they suppose me to be Briareus." This "odd little tale," the author informed Lockhart, "was the work of six weeks at Christmas." It appeared five weeks after the "Lord of the Isles," and was called "Guy Mannering." The general public was mystified. Walter Scott, the poet, was known to have official duties which occupied him during the greater part of each day when the Court of Session was sitting, while he had other duties as sheriff which demanded much attention, and he was scrupulous in their discharge; how then, it was asked, could such a man possibly find

time to write books like "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering"? Even now it is difficult to comprehend how Scott, who wrote so much and so well, who was painstaking as well as original, could actually perform such gigantic feats.

In May, 1816, the "Antiquary" was published, and though, as Lockhart says, it afterwards became the "chief favorite among all his novels," yet Scott's opinion of it at the outset was not high, as is shown in the following lines sent to Morritt shortly after it appeared:—

The "Antiquary" is not so interesting as its predecessors—the period did not admit of such romantic situation. But it has been more fortunate than any of them in the sale, for 6,000 of them went off the first six days, and it is now at press again.

The physical labor which Scott expended on his works was severe; the mental worry due to his commercial associations was most trying; and it is less strange that nature rebelled against the strain than that it was borne so long. On the 5th of March, 1817, when at dinner in his town-house he was seized with such a violent attack of cramp in the stomach that he could not repress a scream of agony. He remained ailing for some weeks, and this was the forerunner of other attacks quite as painful and dangerous.

In December of the same year "Rob Roy" appeared, the title being suggested by Constable. The book was one of the most popular of the Scotch novels, ten thousand copies constituting the first edition, and three thousand more being demanded within a fortnight after publication.

Scott made Lockhart's personal acquaintance in May of the following year, and the intimacy soon ripened into friendship. At their first meeting he told Lockhart that "Byron's countenance was a thing to dream of." He was delighted to hear about Goethe from Lockhart, who had conversed with the great German, and he remarked: "How I should like to have a talk with him about trees!" Throughout his life Scott had no greater enjoyment than in planting and pruning trees, watching their growth, and rejoicing over the adornment which they added to the landscape. The woodland around Abbotsford is his own creation. He changed the face of that part of the country for the better by tree planting quite as much as his writings changed the literature of his native land. Writing in his

journal in April, 1826, he says, "from the number of birds drawn to these wastes, I may congratulate myself on having literally made the desert to sing."

An intimation from Lord Sidmouth reached Scott in November, 1818, to the effect that the prince regent purposed conferring a baronetcy upon him, and at first he felt inclined to refuse the honor. The Duke of Buccleuch, whom he consulted, advised him to accept it; he thought, moreover, that his son Walter, who was entering the army, might benefit by the title.

A result of Lockhart's acquaintanceship with Scott was his marriage with Scott's elder daughter, Sophia, on the 29th of April, 1820. The union was both appropriate and happy. As a young man of letters, Lockhart had made his mark. Scott had a high opinion of his powers. Writing to Constable in 1822 he says: "Lockhart will *blaze* one day; of that, if God spare him, there is little doubt." Edward Everett, who was United States minister to this country, visited Abbotsford in 1818, and records some noteworthy particulars about Sophia Scott. After saying that he admired her singing, he continues:—

I said jokingly to Sophia that, after all, America was entitled to the credit of the novels, for, said I, people say your Uncle Thomas at Quebec writes them. She answered very quickly and warmly, "that if people said that, they said what was not true." "Oh, then," said I, "the secret is out, and your father is the author." Struck with the vehemence and warmth of her manner, she answered, "Your inference is a fair one from my exclamation; and I ought in candor to tell you that we all believe that our father is the author, but we do not know it."

She afterwards added that, believing her father desired the authorship of the novels to remain concealed, she respected his wishes too much to pry into the matter, and she leaves upon us the impression of showing herself Everett's superior in spirit and good taste. George Ticknor, who visited Abbotsford a year later, was charmed with the family circle:—

There was great frankness [he writes] in the whole family, and the way they talked about one another. Mr. Scott said his great object with his children had been not to over-educate them, but to follow the natural inclinations of their characters rather than attempt to mould them. . . . Sophia, however, did not seem to be satisfied with her father's system of education in some respects; and when he was gone out of the room, said with her little

Scotch idiom, "He's always *just* telling us of our faults, but never taking such serious pains to have us mend. I think sometimes that he would like to have us *different* from other boys and girls, though it should be by having us worse."

From the year 1817 to 1820, Scott had gone on adding acre to acre and novel to novel, becoming, as he wrote to John Ballantyne, after buying Toffield for 10,000*l.*, "a great laird," and continuing to be popular with the reading public. He said in a letter to Morritt: "It is a general rule, whenever a Scotsman gets his head above water, he turns it to land." Now, Scott not only bought land and planted trees, but he also took to building a house after his own heart. This house cost him much thought, time, and money, and he was very proud of it. In a letter inviting Lord Montagu to Abbotsford, he said: "It is worth while to come, were it but to see what a romance of a house I am making, which is neither to be castle nor abbey [God forbid], but an old Scottish manor-house." This house which, as Scott wrote in another place, "no one but he would have dreamed of erecting," became the place of resort for all who wished to see him who was a great poet and who was believed to be the "Great Unknown." The visitors expected to be housed, and Abbotsford was usually crowded with guests when the family occupied it.

After considering the demands upon his temper and time as a host in the days of his glory, we do not wonder at his writing as follows in his journal, when adversity lay heavily upon him:—

I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole; I am as if I had shaken off from my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich, indeed, but cumbrous, and always more a burden than a comfort. I am free of an hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it.

Both in the days when Scott and Abbotsford were in their glory, and in those when his trials were heavy and Abbotsford was deserted, his love for it was the same. After returning to it in November, 1826, from a visit to Paris and London, he wrote the following words in his journal, which Lockhart did not print:—

I idled away the rest of the day, happy to find myself at home, which is home, though never so homely. And mine is not so homely

neither; on the contrary, I have seen in my travels none I liked so well — fantastic in architecture and decoration, if you please — but no real comfort sacrificed to fantasy.

Two years later he wrote of Abbotsford: "It is a kind of Conundrum Castle, to be sure, and I have great pleasure in it, for while it pleases a fantastic person in the style and manner of its architecture and decoration, it has all the comforts of a commodious habitation."

Sir Walter's sojourn at Abbotsford was often marred with severe suffering, the attacks being so serious at times that those about him feared they must prove fatal. During the intervals he produced some of the finest novels, the greater part of the "*Bride of Lammermoor*," the whole of the "*Legend of Montrose*," and almost the whole of "*Ivanhoe*" being written to his dictation while he lay upon a sofa, striving to bear spasms of pain.

One night in June, 1819, it seemed that the end was at hand. Believing that he was face to face with death, he summoned his children to bid them farewell. After speaking a few words of advice to each, he added: "For myself, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit. I well know that no human life can appear otherwise than mean and filthy in the eyes of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer." Then laying his hands on their heads, he said: "God bless you! Live so that you may all hope to meet each other in a better place hereafter. And now leave me that I may turn my face to the wall." He then fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke the crisis was over.

His works, of which several appeared yearly, continued to attract attention and enrich him. High-water mark was reached in 1819, when "*Ivanhoe*" was published and twelve thousand copies were sold at once. When "*Quentin Durward*" appeared in 1823, Sir Walter was hailed in France as a master of fiction; indeed, the extent of his popularity is largely due to the vast amount of ground which he covers; the Scottish and the English, the French and the German reader each finds among his romances some in which his country and his countrymen are depicted. None can be styled a complete failure. Even "*St. Ronan's Well*," which was not so popular as the other novels, is considered by some of our best critics, among others by Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Lowe), as one of his finest productions.

It would appear from letters to intimate

friends, that Sir Walter was apprehensive of some catastrophe, yet no data were then before him on which to base a forecast of the form which it would take. He apparently regarded himself as the spoiled child of fortune, and he may have been of opinion that spoiled children sometimes get unexpected rebuffs. Indeed, his career from 1805, when the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*" gave him the first rank among the successful authors of his time, down to the day when the reading public welcomed every page from his pen, appeared tinged with romance, and resembled a fairy-tale rather than a piece of actual experience. When Sir Walter thought of what he had done and weighed his possibilities of achievement, he might well have reflected that the end could not be far off. He had worked far too hard, and nature was having her revenge. Lockhart suspects that he had been afflicted with a slight apoplectic seizure in 1822 and had concealed it.

Though his health was not good, his energies were unabated, and he felt his capacity for work to be equal to that in his prime. He had arranged with Constable for the publication of an unnamed novel, and received bills in advance, while he was contemplating adding land to his estate for which he would have had to pay 40,000*l*. At this time he was utterly ignorant of all the liabilities which he had incurred as a partner with James Ballantyne. He had been moderate in his personal expenditure and methodical in noting down every penny which he drew from his purse. This had been his practice for thirty years, yet, while he was noting where the pence went, his partner, in concert with Constable, was rendering him a debtor for tens of thousands of pounds. Lockhart affirms that the actual bill transactions between the two firms amounted to 25,000*l*; that the actual bills were drawn in duplicate, and that when the hour of trial came, the duplicates were discounted and the liability was doubled, without a corresponding amount having been obtained by Scott or his partner. Constable's son calls in question the correctness of Lockhart's statement. Sir Walter wrote in his journal on the 5th of September, 1827: "The debts for which I am legally responsible, though no party to their contraction, amount to 30,000*l*," and no excuse which has been offered for Ballantyne and Constable, affects this painful fact in the slightest measure. Messrs. Hurst, Robinson and Co. were Constable's correspondents in London,

and they had embarked in a speculation in hops to the extent of 100,000*l*. What with illegitimate ventures and reckless business ventures, the printing house of James Ballantyne and Co., the publishing houses of Constable, and Hurst and Robinson, had incurred liabilities amounting in the aggregate to upwards of half a million. Of this enormous total, the sum for which Sir Walter could be held personally responsible was 130,000*l*. He could not have any knowledge of this liability when he contemplated buying more land at the price of 40,000*l*.

It was on the 20th of November, 1825, that Sir Walter began to keep the journal, which is now published in its complete form. He had then returned from a visit to Ireland, about which Lockhart wrote to Constable from Edgeworthstown on the 31st of July: "Sir Walter Scott is as well as I ever saw him in health, and I think he has enjoyed this tour as one of the happiest and proudest times of his life."

At the outset, Sir Walter was "enamoured of his journal," being regular in making an entry daily, and after doing this for several years, he remarks:—

I have sometimes wondered with what regularity—that is, for a shrew of my impatient temper—I have been able to keep this Journal. The use of the first person being, of course, the very essence of a diary, I conceive it is chiefly vanity, the dear pleasure of writing about the best of good fellows, myself, which gives me perseverance to continue this idle task.

From the 8th of July, 1828, till the 10th of January, 1829, he made no entry, and on resuming his pen he expresses a doubt whether there is any use continuing the record, adding: "But hang it! I hate to be beat, so here goes for better behavior." There is another gap between the 20th of July, 1829, and the 23rd of May, 1830, and the next entry is: "About a year ago I took the pet at my diary, chiefly because it made me abominably selfish; and that by recording my gloomy fits I encouraged their recurrence, whereas out of sight, out of mind, is the best way to get rid of them; and now I hardly know why I take it up again, but here goes." From these entries and others which might be cited, it is clear that Sir Walter was both in earnest and outspoken when writing his journal, and his frankness is one of its great charms. While looking forward to the public reading at a future time what he committed to paper, he had neither the fear nor the smile of the public before his

eyes. The real man is revealed in this journal. It is as honest and conscientious a piece of work as any of Sir Walter's writings.

He begins it by describing his trip to Ireland the year before; he goes on to record his impressions of those who had last dined with him, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe being one of them, who has since then been dubbed the "Scottish Walpole." On the 22nd of November, 1825, he gives this unpublished anecdote of diminutive "Monk" Lewis, whom he styles "a bore of the first description," and says that he always looked like a schoolboy:—

I remember a picture of him being handed about at Dalkeith House. It was a miniature, I think, by Saunders, who had contrived to muffle Lewis's person in a cloak, so as to give the picture the cast of a bravo. "That like Mat Lewis?" said Duke Henry, to whom it was passed in turn; "why, that is like a MAN!" Imagine the effect! Lewis was at his elbow.

Sir Walter wrote the earlier pages of his journal with a light heart, and seemed glad to fill them with anecdotes, but he soon changed his note. When he first heard that there were financial difficulties in London, and that Constable and his agents might be embarrassed, he thanked God that he had enough "to pay forty shillings in the pound." He wrote on the same day a sentence which we reprint in full, the words in italics having been omitted by Lockhart: "Could not write to purpose for thick-coming fancies; *the wheel would not turn easily, and cannot be forced.*" An entry, now first published, was made on the 23rd of November: "Constable has been here as lame as a duck upon his legs, but his heart and courage as firm as a cock. He has convinced me we will do well to support the London house [Hurst and Robinson]. He has sent them about 5,000*l*. for their accommodation. J. B. and R. Cadell present. I must be guided by them and hope for the best. Certainly to part company would be to incur an awful risk." Two days later he was inspired with good news and wrote: "For had the great Constable fallen, O my countrymen, what a fall were there!" While in trepidation about his affairs, and determined to retrench and put himself beyond danger from commercial vicissitudes, he was able to record with extreme satisfaction that Lockhart had been appointed the editor of this review, ending his statement by saying: "It was no plot of my making, I am sure, and yet men will say and believe that

[it was], though I never heard a word of the matter till first a hint from Wright, and then the formal proposal of Murray to Lockhart [was] announced. I believe Canning and Ellis were the prime movers. I'll puzzle my brains no more about it." On the first of December, he wrote: "*Nota Bene*, the day before yesterday I signed the bond for 5,000*l.* with Constable, for relief of Robinson's house. I am to be secured by good bills." If he had known how matters really stood he would have refused to make this advance, and thus he would have had less reason for complaint and for writing to Sir Alexander Wood of Constable after his death in 1828: "he has cost me many a toilsome dreary day, and drearier night, and will cost me more yet."

For several weeks Sir Walter lived in a state of uncertainty, now thinking the worst was imminent, and now that all danger had passed away. On the 18th of December he made an entry which fills nearly six printed pages, and of which but a small part was given by Lockhart. The following now appears in print for the first time:—

Ballantyne called on me this morning. *Venit illa suprema dies.* My extremity is come. Cadell has received letters from London which all but positively announce the failure of Hurst and Robinson, so that Constable and Co. must follow, and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. . . . I have been rash in anticipating funds to buy land, but then I made from 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* a year, and land was my temptation. I think nobody can lose a penny—that is my one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall makes them higher, or seems so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. This news will make sad hearts at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford, which I do not nourish the least hope of preserving. It has been my Delilah, and so I have often termed it; and now the recollection of the extensive woods I planted, and the walks I have formed, from which strangers must derive both the pleasure and profit, will excite feelings likely to sober my gayest moments. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honored? My children are provided [for]; thank God for that! I was to have gone there in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain.

It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere—this is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

The foregoing passage is not only most honorable to Sir Walter, but it is also one of the most pathetic which he ever penned. His thoughts were for others even more than himself, and he had to bear his own burden alone. He goes on to refer to his wife, after saying that Ballantyne behaved manfully:—

Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support; yet that is not her nature, which is generous and kind. She thinks I have been imprudent, trusting men too far. Perhaps so—but what could I do?

After noting some other matters his mind reverts to Abbotsford:—

Yet to save Abbotsford, I would attempt all that was possible. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can tell.

Then after expressing wonder as to how his younger daughter Anne will comfort herself, he adds, probably after having seen her:—

Anne bears her misfortune gallantly and well, with a natural feeling, no doubt, of the rank and consideration she is about to lose. Lady Scott is incredulous, and persists in cherishing hope where is no ground for hope. I wish it may not bring on the gloom of spirits which has given me such distress. If she were the active person she once was that would not be. Now I fear it more than what Constable and Cadell will tell me this evening, so that my mind is made up.

He then ceased writing further in his journal. At half past eight, as he notes, he resumes his pen and writes:—

I closed this book under the consciousness of impending ruin, I open it an hour after, thanks be to God, with the strong hope that matters may be got over safely and honorably, in a mercantile sense. Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating that they had stood the

storm, and though clamorous for assistance from Scotland, saying they had prepared their strongholds without need of the banks. . . . But I will yield to no delusive hopes, and fall back full edge, my resolutions hold. I shall always think the better of Cadell for this, not merely because his feet are beautiful on the mountains who brings good tidings, but because he showed feeling—deep feeling, poor fellow—he who I thought had no more than his numeration table, and who, if he had his whole counting-house full of sensibility, had yet his wife and children to bestow it upon—I will not forget this if I get through. I love the virtues of rough and round men; the others are apt to escape in salt rheum, salvolatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief.

Sir Walter went to Abbotsford on the twenty-fourth and wrote these words in his journal the following day, the words in italics being omitted by Lockhart: "Our halls are silent compared to last year, but let us be thankful—*when we think how near the chance appeared but a week since that these halls would have been ours no longer.*" He had a severe attack of illness while at Abbotsford. He returned to Edinburgh at the middle of January and James Skene's unpublished "Reminiscences" contain a minute account of what happened, the following passage from them being extracted by Mr. Douglas:—

The family had been at Abbotsford, and it had long been their practice the day they came to town to take a family dinner at my house, which had accordingly been complied with on the present occasion, and I never had seen Sir Walter in better spirits or more agreeable. The fatal intimation of his bankruptcy, however, awaited him at home, and next morning early I was surprised by a verbal message to come to him as soon as I had got up. Fearful that he had got a fresh attack of the complaint from which he had now for some years been free, or that he had been involved in some quarrel, I went to see him by seven o'clock, and found him already by candle-light seated at his writing-table, surrounded by papers which he was examining. Holding out his hand to me as I entered, he said: "Skene, this is the hand of a beggar. Constable has failed, and I am ruined *de fond en comble*. It's a hard blow, but I must just bear up; the only thing which wrings me is poor Charlotte and the bairns."

Two days later Sir Walter chronicled the occurrence of a painful scene after dinner and another after supper, "endeavoring to convince them, these poor dear creatures, that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labor." The unpublished

"Reminiscences" of Mr. Skene throw a clearer light than has yet been cast upon Sir Walter's attitude in the earlier hours of his catastrophe. On the 23rd of January he wrote a note, saying:—

DEAR SKENE,—If you are disposed for a walk in your gardens any time this morning, I would gladly accompany you for an hour, since keeping the house so long begins to hurt me, and you, who supported the other day the weight of my body, are perhaps best disposed to endure the gloom of my mind. Yours ever, W. S.

After returning from the walk, Mr. Skene wrote down what had been told him during the course of it:—

Of his power to rebuild his shattered fortunes, Scott said: "But woe's me, I much mistrust my vigor, for the best of my energies are already expended. You have seen, my dear Skene, the Roman coursers urged to their speed by a loaded spur attached to their backs, to whet the rusty metal of their age,—ay! it is a leaden spur indeed, and it goads hard." I added: "But what do you think, Scott, of the bits of flaming paper that are pasted on the flanks of the poor jades? If we could but stick certain small documents on your back and set fire to them, I think you might submit for a time to the pricking of the spur." He laughed and said: "Ay! ay! these weary bills, if they were but as the thing that is not—come, cheer me up with an account of the Roman Carnival!" And, accordingly with my endeavor to do so, he seemed as much interested as if nothing had happened to discompose the usual tenor of his mind, but still our conversation ever and anon dropped back into the same subject, in the course of which he said to me: "Do you know I experience a sort of determined pleasure in confronting the very worst aspect of this sudden reverse,—in standing, as it were, in the breach that has overthrown my fortunes, and saying, Here I stand, at least, an honest man. And God knows if I have enemies, this I may at least with truth say, that I have never wittingly given cause of enmity in the whole course of my life, for even the burnings of political hate seemed to find nothing in my nature to feed the flame. I am not conscious of having borne a grudge towards any man, and at this moment of my overthrow, so help me God, I wish well and feel kindly to every one. And if I thought that any of my works contained a sentence hurtful to any one's feelings, I would burn it. I think even my novels (for he did not disown any of them) are free from that blame." He had been led to make this protestation from my having remarked to him the singularly general feeling of good-will and sympathy towards him which every one was anxious to testify upon the present occasion. The sentiments of resignation and of cheerful acquiescence in the dispensation of the Almighty

which he expressed were those of a Christian thankful for the blessings left, and willing, without ostentation, to do his best. It was really beautiful to see the workings of a strong and upright mind under the first lash of adversity calmly reposing upon the consolation afforded by his own integrity and manful purposes. "Lately," he said, "you saw me under the apprehension of the decay of my mental faculties, and I confess that I was under mortal fear when I found myself writing one word for another, and misspelling every word, but that wore off, and was perhaps occasioned by the effects of the medicines I had been taking, but have I not reason to be thankful that that misfortune did not assail me? Ay! few have more reason to feel grateful to the Disposer of all events than I have."

On the day following this avowal of sentiments which were worthy of himself, Sir Walter went through the ordeal, which he greatly dreaded, of resuming his duties in the Court of Session since his calamity had become the subject of common talk. He wrote that he felt like the man with the large nose, who thought everybody was looking at him, and that he was supremely gratified with the kindly greeting which he received. We have the following evidence of his friend Lord Cockburn as to the way Sir Walter played his part: "When he walked into court one day in January, 1826, there was no affectation, and no reality of *facing it*; no look of indifference or defiance, but the manly and modest air of a gentleman conscious of some folly, but of perfect rectitude and of most heroic and honorable resolutions." Cockburn adds that "even Sir Walter's political opponents would have gladly given every spare farthing they possessed to relieve him."

A tangible proof of his industry was afforded by the publication of "Woodstock" within three months after his misfortune, and of the "Life of Napoleon" in June, 1827, the result being that his debts were reduced between January, 1826, and January, 1828, by nearly 40,000*l.* On the 17th of December, 1830, far more than the half of his indebtedness had been extinguished. At a meeting of the creditors on that day the following resolution was passed:—

That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honorable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make, for them.

Commenting in his journal on this resolution he writes: "I see some friends of mine think this is not handsomely done. In my opinion it is extremely so." Moreover, he considered the gift to have a monetary value of 10,000*l.* While Sir Walter's creditors were receiving back the sums due to them, those of Constable had to content themselves with a dividend of 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound, and those of Hurst and Robinson with one of about 1*s.* 3*d.*

The great value of this journal is the vivid picture which it furnished of Sir Walter's fight for independence. His determination was to shake off the burden of indebtedness, and to do so single-handed. There is heroism in the struggle itself as well as in the sentiments which prompted Sir Walter to make it. Had he consulted his own ease he might have made arrangements, which would not have been dishonorable, and which would have left him free to live comfortably. He might have lived longer, if he had not strained his physical as well as his mental powers to excess, yet it is questionable whether he would have been happier, even if his later years were less full of toil. He had a delight in battling with his difficulties. "It is my dogged humor," he wrote, "to yield little to external circumstances." He was fighting what he believed to be a good fight, and no one can read the declarations in his journal without heightened admiration for Sir Walter as a strong, self-reliant, and upright man. What Maria Edgeworth wrote to Constable in 1823, after seeing Sir Walter in his grandeur at Abbotsford, is still more applicable to his self-portraiture in the journal: "Many may be, and may seem *great* while unknown, but few like him appear greater the more they are known."

His wife had been ailing for some years, and the state of her health grew more precarious at the time when his own affairs were in confusion. Among the references to her which Lockhart omitted, the following are noteworthy. Sir Walter wrote on the 16th of April, 1826: "Lady Scott suffers much occasionally, especially during the night. Sleeps a great deal when at ease; all symptoms announce water upon the chest." His comment is, "a sad prospect." On the nineteenth, he says he had returned from a funeral to his own house, now the habitation of sickness and serious apprehension, and "found Lady S. had tried the fox-glove in quantity till it made her so sick she was forced to desist. The result cannot yet be judged." On the twenty-first he wrote:—

Had the grief to find Lady Scott had insisted on coming down-stairs and was the worse for it. Also a letter from Lockhart, giving a poor account of the infant. God help us! earth cannot.

He chronicles on the twenty-third that "Lady Scott is certainly better, and has promised not to attempt quitting her room." Being obliged to go to Edinburgh on the 11th of May, he wrote on the preceding day: "To what scene I may suddenly be recalled it wrings my heart to think. If she would but be guided by the medical people, and attend rigidly to their orders, something might be hoped, but she is impatient with the protracted suffering, and no wonder." On the fifteenth he received news at Edinburgh of his wife's death. A note written by Sir Walter to Mr. Skene on the day after the funeral sets forth his feelings at the time:

I take advantage of Mr. Ramsay's [the late Dean Ramsay] return to Edinburgh to answer your kind letter. It would have done no good to have brought you here when I could not have enjoyed your company, and there were quite enough friends here to ensure everything being properly adjusted. Anne, contrary to a natural weakness of temper, is quite quiet and resigned to her distress, but has been visited by many fainting fits, the effect, I am told of weakness, over-exertion, and distress of mind. Her brothers are both here—Walter having arrived from Ireland yesterday in time to assist at the *munus inane*; their presence will do her much good, but I cannot think of leaving her till Monday next, nor could I do my brethren much good by coming to town, having still that stunned and giddy feeling which great calamities necessarily produce. It will soon give way to my usual state of mind, and my friends will not find me much different from what I have usually been.

There are many affecting references to his deceased wife. On the 11th of June "he had bad dreams about poor Charlotte." On the first of September he wrote:—

If there be further wrath to come, I shall be glad to bear it alone. Poor Charlotte was too much softened by prosperity to look adverse circumstances courageously in the face.

He revisited Carlisle on the 3rd of April, 1828, and made this entry in his journal:—

A sad place in my domestic remembrances, since here I married my poor Charlotte. She is gone, and I am following faster, perhaps, than I wot of. It is something to have lived and loved; and our poor children are so hopeful and affectionate, that it chastens the sadness attending the thoughts of our separation.

At first he did not find it an irksome task to write the "Life of Bonaparte." On the 31st of March, 1826, he says:—

But I am "Nap. Bon." again, which is always a change, because it gives a good deal of reading and research, whereas "Woodstock" and such like, being *extempore* from my mother-wit, is a sort of spinning of the brains, of which a man tires.

However, he began to weary of the "Life," the state of his health being unfavorable for the display of his energies, and he made the following entry on the 5th of June in the same year:—

After all, I have fagged through six pages, and made poor Wurmser lay down his sword on the glacis of Mantua—and my head aches—my eyes ache—my back aches—so does my breast—and I am sure my heart aches—what can Duty want more?

A reference to duty is frequently made in the journal, and the subject is always touched upon in a fresh or humorous way, such passages lighting up the more sombre pages, and we are surprised that Lockhart omitted any of them. At Abbotsford, on the 8th of August, 1826, he made this entry:—

Wrote my task this morning, and now for a walk. Dine at Chiefswood to-day, have company to-morrow. Why, this is dissipation! But no matter, Mrs. Duty, if the task is done. "Ay, but," says she, "You ought to do something extra—provide against a rainy day." Not I; I'll make a rainy day provide against a fair one, Mrs. Duty. I write twice as much in bad weather. Seriously, I write fully as much as I ought. I do not like this dull aching in the chest and back, and its giving way to exercise shows that it originates in remaining too long in a sitting posture.

Recurring to the subject, he wrote on the 23rd and 24th of March, 1827:—

When I was a child, and indeed for some years after, my amusement was in supposing to myself a set of persons engaged in various scenes which contrasted them with each other, and I remember to this day the accuracy of my childish imagination. This might be the effect of a natural turn to fictitious narrative, or it might be the cause of it, or there might be an action and reaction, or it does not signify a pin's head how it is. But with a flash of this remaining spirit, I imagine my mother Duty to be a sort of old task-mistress, like the hag of the merchant Abudah, in the "Tales of the Genii"—not a hag though, by any means; on the contrary, my old woman wears a rich old-fashioned gown of black silk, with ruffles of triple-blond lace, and a coif as rich as that of Pearling Jean; a figure and countenance

something like Lady D. S.'s twenty years ago; a clear blue eye, capable of great severity of expression, and conforming in that with a wrinkled brow, of which the ordinary expression is a serious approach to a frown—a cautionary and nervous shake of the head; in her withered hand an ebony staff with a crutch head—a Tompion gold watch, which annoys all who know her by striking the quarters as regularly as if one wished to hear them. Occasionally she has a small scourge of nettles, which I feel her lay across my fingers at this moment, and so *Tue* is Latin for a candle. I have 150 pages to write yet.

A month later he records that, having been confined indoors for three days, he felt a little nervous, and adds:—

Well, I may be disabled from duty, but my tamed spirits and sense of dejection have quelled all that freakiness of humor which made me a voluntary idler. I present myself to the morning task as the hack-horse patiently trudges to the pole of his chaise, and backs, however reluctantly, to have the traces fixed.

On the 24th of June, he again notes his failings:—

I don't care who knows it, I was lazy this morning. But I cheated my laziness capitally, as you shall hear. My good friend, Sir Watt, said I to my esteemed friend, it is hard that you should be obliged to work when you are so disinclined to it. Were I you, I would not be quite idle though. I would do something that you are not obliged to do, just as I have seen a cowardly dog willing to fight with any one save that which his master desired him to yoke with. So I went over the review of the "Culloden Papers," and went a great way to convert it into the Essay on Clanship, etc., which I intend for the Prose Works.

Though it was with great reluctance that Sir Walter composed the "Life of Bonaparte," yet he worked very hard at it, and he was most eager in obtaining information and careful in verifying facts. He wrote on the 12th of August, 1826:—

James Ballantyne presages well of this work, but is afraid of inaccuracies—so am I; but things must be as they may. There is a kind of glamour about me, which sometimes make me read dates, etc., in the proof-sheets, not as they actually do stand, but as they ought to stand.

In March following he expresses his hope that the work will come to an end some day or other, adding that "it drips and dribbles out on the paper." Though the "Life of Bonaparte" is not one of Sir Walter's great works, yet it was as successful as many of higher merit, and the chief object for which he toiled at it, that of clearing off his debts, was largely fur-

thered by its sale. "Woodstock," which preceded it, produced 8,000*l.*; the first and second editions of the "Life" produced 18,000*l.*

There is a curious entry in the journal respecting the "Life," and a letter from Fenimore Cooper about it is printed by Mr. Douglas. On the 13th of August, 1827, Sir Walter wrote:—

A letter from booksellers at Brussels informs me of the pleasant tidings that "Napoleon" is a total failure; that they have lost much money on a version which they were at a great expense in preparing, and modestly propose that I should write a novel to make them amends for loss on a speculation which I knew nothing about. "Have you nothing else to ask?" as Sancho says to the farmer, who asks him to stock a farm for his son, portion off his daughters, etc., etc. They state themselves to be young booksellers; certes, they must hold me to be a *very* young author.

Fenimore Cooper's letter is dated the 12th September in the same year:—

The French abuse you a little, but as they began to do this, to my certain knowledge, five months before the book was published, you have no great reason to regard their criticism. It would be impossible to write the truth on such a subject and please this nation. One frothy gentleman denounced you in my presence as having a low, vulgar style, very much such an one as characterized the pen of Shakespeare!

Reading the frequently recurring entries in the journal of ill-health, we find it difficult to understand how Sir Walter could combine his task with the diligence which he displayed. His physical condition was seriously impaired by severe and recurring attacks of rheumatism, which were the result of sleeping in damp sheets during a visit to France in 1826. The lameness from which he always suffered was aggravated by the rheumatism, till walking became difficult, while his general health suffered if he did not take exercise in the open air. Moreover, he begrudged the time, even when his leg did not pain him. After complaining of headache caused by sitting too long and working too hard when in Edinburgh, he adds: "I must inflict a walk on myself to-day. Strange that what is my delight in the country is *here* a sort of penance!" At Abbotsford on the 2nd and 4th of January, 1827, he writes:—

I had resolved to mark down no more griefs and groans, but I must needs briefly state that I am nailed to my chair like the unhappy Theseus. The rheumatism, exasperated by

my sortie of yesterday, has seized on my only serviceable knee; and I am, by Proserpine! motionless as an anvil. Leeches and embrocations are all I have for it. . . . My enemy gained some strength during the watches of the night; but he again succumbed under the scalding fomentations of camomile flowers.

What wonder that he should write two days later: "Worked till dusk, but not with much effect; my head and mind not clear somehow." It is surprising that, in the circumstances, he should have worked at all.

Several of the entries show his readiness to amend whatever was amiss. Even in old age he designed to take lessons for the improvement of his handwriting. On the 9th of April, 1826, he writes that he has been excessively fagged in correcting manuscript, adding, "I was dead-sick of it by two o'clock, the rather as my hand, O revered Gurnal, be it said between ourselves, gets daily worse." In July he chronicles a visit from Mr. Lewis, a smart Cockney, and describes how Mr. Lewis proposes to "amend the handwriting," by using a mechanical aid for keeping the fingers in a position, a system which he pronounces ingenious and thinks may prove useful. Sir Walter avows his intention of taking lessons should Mr. Lewis visit Edinburgh in the winter, and he adds: "Bear witness, good reader, that if W. S. writes a cramp hand, as is the case, he is desirous to mend it." Whether he took lessons or not is left undetermined, but the handwriting did not improve, as is shown by an entry during April in the following year: "This hand of mine gets to be like a kitten's scratch, and will require much deciphering, or, what may be as well for the writer, cannot be deciphered at all. I am sure I cannot read it myself." There is no doubt as to Sir Walter's handwriting gradually becoming less legible. The latest entries in his journal are almost undecipherable.

Now and then the entries show Sir Walter enjoying himself, and he did so most of all when in the company of old friends. He notes on the 9th of August, 1826, that Mrs. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the Hamiltons, and Colonel Ferguson had dined with him, and remarks:—

How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother, yet there we sat, like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of.

This resembles Horace Walpole's experience: "Old friends are the great bless-

ings of one's latter years—half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and the same mode of thinking." Sir Walter's reflections on the same subject are thus given, after chronicling on the 28th of February, 1827, that "Sir Adam breakfasted:—"

In youth we have many companions, few friends perhaps; in age companionship is ended, except rarely and by appointment. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger companions, who listen to their stories, honor their grey hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least, that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present day crow to the same tune.

Though firm all his life in his political convictions, there was less narrowness in Sir Walter's nature than in that of some contemporaries, and he was always ready to associate with those from whom he differed politically. His maxim was the wise and gracious one that hospitality has no politics. It is not surprising, then, to find him chronicling on the 8th of December, 1826, that he dined with many of the leading Whigs; he remarked of the dinner: "Very pleasant; capital good cheer and excellent wine—much laugh and fun." On the following day he recurred to the subject and wrote:—

I do not know why it is that when I am with a party of my Opposition friends, the day is often merrier than with our own set. Is it because they are cleverer? Jeffrey and Harry Cockburn are, to be sure, very extraordinary men, yet it is not owing to that entirely. I believe that both parties meet with a feeling of something like novelty. We have not worn out our jests in daily contact. There is also a disposition on such occasions to be courteous, and of course, to be pleased.

After finishing the "Life of Bonaparte," he wrote in his journal: "And now, as Dame Fortune says in Quevedo's visions, *Go wheel, and the Devil drive thee.*" He had a new and a congenial work in hand, the result of a "good thought" which, as he wrote on the 24th of May, had then entered his head: this was to write stories from the history of Scotland for his grandson, "little Johnny Lockhart." Such was the origin of the "Tales of a Grandfather," which were among the best and most popular of Sir Walter's productions in his later years. Some may have been repeated orally before being committed to paper. In June, his grandson was in Scotland with his parents and staying at Portobello, a sea-bathing place near Edinburgh, and then Sir Walter records:

"Went out to Portobello after dinner, and chatted with little Johnny, and told him the history of the Field of Prestonpans. Few remain who care about these stories." His friend and critic, James Ballantyne, was not pleased with the "Tales," and Sir Walter complains that, "he found fault with them for being too historical, formerly it was for being too infantine. He calls out for starch and is afraid of his cravat being too stiff. O ye critics, will nothing melt ye?" On the other hand he had no reason to complain of Mr. Cadell, the publisher, who agreed to pay him 787*l.* 10*s.* for the first series.

An interesting fact is now disclosed with relation to "Anne of Geierstein," published in 1829, which was the last work of fiction from Sir Walter's pen that can be ranked with those written in his prime. Its composition gave him much trouble, as is shown by such an entry as the following: "I muzzed on—I can call it little better—with 'Anne of Geierstein.' The materials are excellent, but the power of using them is failing." Again, he complains that his duties in court occupied so much of the day, and says "the plague is that time is wanting when I feel an aptitude to work, and when time abounds, the will, at least the real, efficient power of the faculties, is wanting." When well advanced with the novel, he spoke about it to his friend, James Skene, and the latter notes in his "Reminiscences:"—

Upon his describing to me the scheme which he had formed for that work, I suggested to him that he might with advantage connect the history of René, king of Provence, which would lead to many interesting topographical details which my residence in that country would enable me to supply, besides the opportunity of illustrating so eccentric a character as *le bon roi René*, full of traits which were admirably suited to Sir Walter's graphic style of illustration, and that he could besides introduce the ceremonies of the *Fête Dieu* with great advantage, as I had fortunately seen its revival the first time it was celebrated after the interruption of the revolution. He liked the idea much, and accordingly a Journal which I had written during my residence in Provence, with a volume of accompanying drawings and Passow's "History of Provence," was forthwith sent for, and the whole *dénouement* of the story of "Anne of Geierstein" was changed, and the Provence part woven into it, in the form in which it ultimately came forth.

A lighter passage than many others in the journal may be given by way of re-

lief. The entry is dated the 17th of July, 1827:—

Here is a whimsical subject of affliction. Mr. Harper, a settler, who went from this country to Botany Bay, thinking himself obliged to me for a recommendation to General M'Allister and Sir Thomas Brisbane, has thought proper to bring me home a couple of Emus. I wish his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially. I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrot, which, though I do not admire their noise, might scream and yell at their pleasure if hung up in the hall among the armor. But your emu, it seems, stands six feet high on his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich. Hang them! they might [eat] up my collection of old arms for what I know. It reminds me of the story of the adjutant birds in Theodore Hook's novel. No; I'll no Emuses!

Three days later Sir Walter writes: "Offered my Emuses to the Duke of Buccleuch." As the subject is not referred to again, it may be inferred that the duke relieved him from the burden of the birds.

Sir Walter was an unconventional great man, and it is because he had none of the pomp or pretension which sometimes stamps and mars illustrious writers, that those who met him for the first time were often sceptical about his being the author of the "Waverley Novels." There are men of whom Sir Fretful Plagiary is a well-known type, who think themselves greater than they are; others, among whom Sir Walter is conspicuous, are unconscious of their greatness. That he knew his own limitations is clear from the following answer to James Ballantyne, when his fame as a poet filled the land. "What do you think of your own genius as a poet, in comparison with that of Burns?" was Ballantyne's question. Scott replied: "There is no comparison whatever—we ought not to be named in the same day." One of the few references in his journal to his position in literature was made after Mr. Cadell had told him that he disapproved of half the volume of the second series of "Chronicles of the Canongate," and then Sir Walter wrote: "I was not fool enough to suppose that my favor with the public would last forever, and was neither shocked nor alarmed to find that it had ceased now, as cease it must one day soon." The entry from which these words are taken was written

on the 11th of December, 1827; on the following day he wrote :—

Reconsidered the probable downfall of my literary reputation. I am so constitutionally indifferent to the censure or praise of the world, that never having abandoned myself to the feelings of self-conceit which my great success was calculated to inspire, I can look with the most unshaken firmness upon the event as far as my own feelings are concerned. If there be any great advantage in literary reputation, I have had it, and I certainly do not care for losing it. They cannot say but what I *had the crown*.

To these remarks we shall append one from Carlyle which does Carlyle credit and Sir Walter justice: "Surely since Shakespeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking as Walter Scott."

James Ballantyne, in some unpublished extracts from his "Reminiscences," now printed by Mr. Douglas, throws fresh light on this side of Sir Walter's character, saying of him :—

He labored under the strangest delusion as to the merits of his own works. On this score he was not only inaccessible to compliments, but even insensible to the truth; in fact, at all times, he hated to talk of any of his productions; as, for instance, he greatly preferred Mrs. Shelly's "Frankenstein" to any of his own romances. . . . When I ventured, as I sometimes did, to press him on the score of the reputation he had gained, he merely asked, as if determined to be done with the discussion, "Why, what is the value of a reputation which probably will not last above one or two generations?"

However absurd this under-estimate of himself may appear, there was no false modesty in it. He wrote because he had something to say; without dreaming of fame he became immortal. In corroboration of what Ballantyne noted, we shall cite a few words which he wrote in his journal after quoting some lines from Burns :—

Long life to thy fame, and peace to thy soul, Rob Burns! When I want to express a sentiment which I feel strongly, I find the phrase in Shakespeare—or thee. The blockheads talk of my being like Shakespeare— not fit to tie his brogues.

None of Sir Walter's countrymen and contemporaries is a man of greater originality than Carlyle, and none has made a greater and, perhaps, more lasting mark in our literature. Among all his writings nothing is less admirable or creditable to him than his essay on Scott. According to him, Sir Walter "with all his health,

was infected, sick of the fearfullest malady, that of ambition." Moreover,—

his life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets; this is the highest quality to be discerned in him.

The foregoing passage appeared a few years after Sir Walter's death. A few years before it, Carlyle wrote to him in a different strain. Mr. Douglas has recovered and printed Carlyle's letter. It was addressed to Sir Walter in London while he was on a visit there in April, 1828, and it arrived at a time when he wrote in his journal: "In this phantasmagorical place the objects of the day come and depart like shadows." It is probable that, being fully occupied, Sir Walter put the letter aside, and forgot about it, as there is no mention of it in his journal or correspondence. He was punctilious in answering all the letters addressed to him. Possibly the feeling of Carlyle towards Sir Walter was affected by a disregard of his communication, which is dated April 13th, 1828. After informing Scott that "Goethe has sent two medals which he is to deliver into his own hand," he gives an extract from Goethe's letter which related to the "Life of Bonaparte," saying, "it is seldom such a writer obtains such a critic," and Carlyle adds :—

Being in this curious fashion appointed, as it were, ambassador between two kings of poetry, I would willingly discharge my mission with the solemnity that becomes such a business; and naturally it must flatter my vanity and love of the marvellous to think that by means of a foreigner whom I have never seen, I might soon have access to my native Sovereign, whom I have so often seen in public, and so often wished that I had claim to see and know in private, and near at hand. . . . Meanwhile, I abide your further orders in this matter; and so with all the regard which belongs to one to whom I, in common with other millions, owe so much, I have the honor to be, sir, most respectfully your servant, T. C.

Posthumous disclosures are often damaging, and few men can throw open the windows of their soul and retain the esteem of mankind. Sir Walter Scott is an exception. Nothing of moment that passed through his mind while keeping his journal has been kept back; it is a piece of vivid and lifelike self-portraiture, and now that the journal is published al-

most exactly as it was written, every intellectual reader will rise from its perusal with his admiration for the writer heightened, with his sympathy in his sorrows deepened, and with his conviction confirmed that he was a most estimable as well as a very great man. His indomitable courage was as remarkable as the delicacy of his sentiments. When broken in health and staggering under the burden of his liabilities, he never flinched from what he held to be his duty, neither did he complain of the terrible burden which he had to bear. He had made a mistake, and he was prepared to pay the penalty, even if his life was the forfeit. In such noble words as the following he expressed his feelings and his determination:—

Whether it is in human possibility that I can clear off these obligations or not is very doubtful. But I would rather have it written on my monument that I died at the desk, than live under the recollection of having neglected it.

He struggled on, despite failing health, and the seriousness of his state was clearer to his friends than himself. The following passage, written in December, 1830, will be read with mournful interest:—

Last spring, Miss Young, the daughter of Dr. Young, had occasion to call on me on some business, in which I had hopes of serving her. As I endeavored to explain to her what I had to say, I had the horror to find I could not make myself understood. I stammered, stuttered, said one word in place of another—did all but speak; Miss Young went away frightened enough, poor thing, and Anne and Violet Lockhart were much alarmed. I was bled with cupping-glasses, took medicine, and lived on panada; but in two or three days I was well again. The physicians thought, or said at least, that the evil was from the stomach. It is very certain that I have seemed to speak with an impediment, and I was, or it might be fancied myself, troubled with a mispronouncing and hesitation. I felt this particularly at the election and sometimes in society. This went on till last November, when Lord — came out to make me a visit. I had for a long time taken only one tumbler of whiskey and water without the slightest reinforcement. This night I took a very little drop, not so much as a bumper glass of whiskey altogether. It made no difference on my head that I could discover, but when I went to the dressing-room I sank stupefied on the floor. I lay a minute or two—was not found, luckily, gathered myself up and got to my bed. I was alarmed at this second warning, consulted Abercrombie and Ross, and got a few restrictive orders as to diet. I am forced to attend to them; for, as Mrs. Cole says, "Lack-a-day! a thimbleful

oversets me." To add to these feelings I have the constant increase of my lameness; the thigh-joint, knee-joint, and ankle-joint. I walk with great pain in the whole limb, and am at every minute, during an hour's walk, reminded of my mortality. I should not care for all this, if I was sure of dying handsomely.

As a last resort, he resolved to visit Italy in the hope of being benefited in health, and on the 23rd of September, 1831, he left Abbotsford for London. A week before starting he wrote to the Duke of Buccleuch, saying: "I am going to try whether the air of Naples will make an old fellow of sixty young again." Some time previously he had entered in his journal with reference to his friend Colin Mackenzie what was equally applicable to himself now: "Alas! long-seated complaints defy Italian climate." The journal contains many interesting details of his voyage to Italy, and sojourn there; indeed, the entries are often so lively and cheerful in tone, that it is hard to realize when reading them how greatly Sir Walter's health was impaired and how much his mind was enfeebled. He appeared to consider it a duty to make entries in the journal so long as he could hold a pen; and he did so till the month of April, 1832, being five months before he breathed his last at Abbotsford. Mr. Douglas gives a facsimile in the preface of the following words, which were the last that Sir Walter penned:—

We entered Rome by a gate surmounted by one of the Old Pontiffs, but which I forgot, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover if possible some appearance of the learned Sir William Gell or the pretty Mistress Astly.

At length we found an old servant who guided us to the lodgings taken by Sir William Gell, where all was comfortable, a good fire included, which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food and wine and water.

We slept reasonably but on the next morning,

It is upwards of half a century since Carlyle wrote that Lockhart's "Life of Scott" "summons the world's attention round him, probably for the last time it will ever be summoned." A further summons is unnecessary; his works and the story of his life have secured for him universal homage throughout all ages. His position is alike firm and lofty; it can neither be forfeited nor raised, any more than a dead man or woman who is beatified can cease to be a saint or attain an-

other dignity. Sir Walter Scott resembles the best of those knights in the olden days of chivalry that excited his imagination and inspired his pen. Like them, he lived without fear and died without reproach, his honor being dearer to him than his life-blood. We realize this better after perusing the vivid and instructive pages of his journal. While reading it he seems to stand before us again as he was in the flesh, and we almost forget that his hallowed dust has long since mingled with that of his ancestors in Dryburgh Abbey. Although many of the details are melancholy, yet the interest of the whole is entrancing, and the journal is a most precious relic of Sir Walter Scott.

From *Princesses et Grandes Dames*.
LOUIS XIV. AND MARIE MANCINI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF QUEEN CHRISTINA.

TRANSLATED BY
MRS. ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

ONCE upon a time there lived a great king, whose realm was the most glorious on all the earth. His court was given up to *fêtes* and pleasures. Nowhere was there to be seen such graceful love-making, nor such magnificence. The court was young, for the king himself was young, the spirit of youth pervaded its scenes of enchantment. Love was in the very air. A hundred beauties vied with each other who should best please the prince, both because he was in all the bloom of youth and because there was no man so handsome as he was in all his vast dominions.

At the same time there dwelt likewise at that court a swarthy damsel, whom the prime minister, her uncle, had brought there in her infancy to be educated and trained. She was ugly, quick-tempered, and rude, but she had a great deal of intelligence, and her sprightliness amused the king. He enjoyed her company so much that at last he became convinced that he could not live without her, and proposed to marry her. The queen, his mother, opposed the match, and separated the lovers; a proceeding which cost her many griefs and the young people many tears. After this the damsel with the dark complexion committed a great number of follies of the wildest kinds, and had an incredible quantity of strange adventures, becoming at last, as she neared old age, a woman of great personal attractions. One fine morning, however, she

disappeared, and no one has ever known what became of her.

This fairy-tale was enacted at the court of France in the middle of the seventeenth century. The Prince Charming was Louis XIV. The little brown damsel was Marie Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. We will endeavor to relate this romance of royalty in these pages.*

I.

ON the 11th of September, 1647, just before the outbreak of the Fronde, the court of France received from Italy three little girls and a little boy, who were at once welcomed by the courtiers with an amount of servility that was unbecoming their station. A lady of the great house of Noailles had been sent to Rome to bring them in great state to Paris, another lady of the house of La Rochefoucauld had been selected as their governess, she having previously been governess to the young French king. The queen mother brought them up with her own sons; they were treated, in short, like princes of the blood. These little strangers bore Italian names, and those names were obscure; three of them (two girls and a boy) were called Mancini, the fourth, a girl, was named Martinozzi. Their mothers had been sisters to Cardinal Mazarin.

In 1653, when the troubles of the Fronde were over, there was a fresh importation of his Eminence's nieces and nephews. Three more Mancinis and another Martinozzi. A last Mancini maiden and her little brother arrived two years later, which made in all seven nieces and three nephews; in other words, ten persons to be provided with marriage portions, high alliances, and positions under government.

A few persons, gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and less moved by the charms of the children than by a prevision of what they were likely to cost, foresaw with regret the great part that would be played in France by this handsome and dangerous foreign family, whose members had abundance of superstition but no real religion, who were sparkling with wit, ready for any extravagance, eager and extreme in everything, living surrounded by works of art, by astrologers, by animals of all kinds, and by men of letters. Almost all of them had beauty, all loved poetry, music, and gallantry. Their tastes were all Italian,

* M. Chantelure published in 1880 an excellent work on Louis XIV. and Marie Mancini. Before his time Amédée Renée had published "*Les Nièces de Mazarin*." We have been much indebted to both these works for our materials.

elegant, refined, and insatiable. There was no lady in the court who could dress herself so well as a Mancini, none understood as they did how to decorate a mansion, or how to conduct a *fête*. There was not one who had read so much, or could converse with the same facility and perception upon all manner of subjects, nor keep admirers around her with so much grace and discernment, nor, if occasion required it, could repress unwelcome advances with so much *hauteur*. Nor was there any one at the French court more familiar with ideas which horrified all Christendom beyond the bounds of Italy. When Marie Mancini had become the wife of the Constable Colonna she said (and she wrote it quite calmly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world) that she was making her escape from her good husband for fear he might avenge himself for some of her pranks, after the "Italian fashion;" meaning by this that he might poison her. Such a suspicion uttered by one who held the proceeding to be quite natural speaks volumes. By degrees around the Mazarines (as these nieces of the cardinal came to be called) there was formed a sort of equivocal general reputation, ready to break out into scandalous stories on the first opportunity.

Bold by nature and ready to take their own way at all hazards, their passion for adventure had, like their persons, something about it which seemed exotic. They did not plunge into adventures in the spirit of heroines of romance, nor in that of the great French ladies who took part in the Fronde; they enjoyed scrapes like any mere adventuress, who has no scruple about compromising herself, and is satisfied if only something is happening to her or is going to happen. Their pride enabled them generally to escape unscathed, and when they did not they were not in the least ashamed of themselves. They had simply failed for once, in what would have caused other women to hide under the earth for shame and mortification. The Mazarines were ready to begin again, and that was all.

They did nothing by halves. Two amongst them, Laura Mancini, Duchess de Merceur, and Anna Maria Martinozzi, Princess de Conti, were by far the best of the family. They took up devotion, and became saints. With the exception of these two, and possibly also of Laura Martinozzi, Duchess of Modena, it would be hard to say which of them was the most depraved. The Mazarines looked

upon life as a game of chance, in which only fools played fair; a game in which the stakes were pleasures, forbidden pleasures, especially, sweeter than all others to such as themselves. Moral instincts were wanting in nearly every member of the family. The absence of such instincts was one of the hereditary merits of the race. Mazarin himself never had any. His nieces had no knowledge of them any more than himself. They had no souls apparently. Nor had their uncle.

The cardinal was rapacious.* One is appalled at the enormous wealth that he amassed in less than twenty years; at a time when foreign wars and civil disturbances were ruining France. At all times his chief care was to lay up money. When he was young and gay, he had lived by gambling, and lived so well that his enemies never hesitated to cast up his inevitable good luck against him. When prime minister he robbed France without much delicacy as to his choice of means. Like Panurge he might have been said to have had sixty-three ways of getting money, the most respectable of which was *par façon de larcin*; for the most straightforward way that Mazarin had of enriching himself was openly to take what he wanted out of the king's coffers; which was certainly better than selling places under government, better than appointing himself to be the chief furnisher of provisions and ammunition to the army, which Madame de Motteville accuses him of becoming in 1658, during the siege of Dunkirk. "He sold, they say" she remarks "wine, meat, water, and bread, and made a profit on all that was sold. He supplied ammunition as grand master of the artillery; and from first to last he made his own profit out of everything; by reason of which the soldiers' sufferings were great during the siege." He sold even water to the soldiers; this fact tells everything. By means of unbridled pillage he left a fortune that Fouquet estimated at one hundred millions of francs (\$20,000,000) a sum which can be best estimated by the fact that the whole revenue of France was at that period only fifty millions.

He was far from ill-natured, but he had low instincts, and such instincts are like

* It may be just to say that Mazarin's reputation seems to have been improved by the researches of historians in these latter days. See the admirable works of M. Chéruel. And we may add that in this paper we have not dealt with the political history or achievements of the minister, but solely with his character as a man, and that we have essayed to paint him as he appeared to his contemporaries.

certain coloring matters, one grain of which put into a tub of water dyes the whole. His good qualities were all tainted by low instincts. Nature had given him great gifts, and he had all the intellectual qualities of a great statesman, but as De Retz energetically expressed it: "His bad heart shone through them all." He had quick intelligence, a mind active and fertile in expedients, and he was full of gaiety and grace; he was both capable of conceiving great things, and of carrying them into execution; he never cherished the remembrance of injuries; he simply forgot them as fast as he forgot benefits; he was handsome, attractive, insinuating, and he had "an all-potent charm, which made him loved by all on whom it pleased him to exercise it."*

Very little is known about the parentage and early life of Mazarin. It seems certain that he sprang from the very dregs of the people; that his father had made a kind of petty fortune in the service of a Colonna, and that he himself had tried several ways of making money before he became a *monsignore* with purple stockings; "one of the four handsomest prelates in Rome," writes a Benedictine, one of his panegyrist. All other information concerning him is wholly unreliable, mere tales in the air; stories put forth either by his friends or by his enemies; up to the moment when circumstances, intrigue, and his own merit made him, while still young, one of the negotiators at the papal court, and soon after legate to France of the Holy See. What followed is well known. How out of the mud and darkness of his early life he emerged with a power, a splendor, and a sparkling brilliancy which caused an alliance with the cardinal to be sought by great noblemen and by reigning princes. When his nieces quitted Rome for Paris they crossed the mighty gulf which separated what they left from what awaited them. The Mancini left behind them a father who was an astrologer; the father of the Martinozzi remains in oblivion. All of them quitted some most humble station. In Paris they found an uncle who was master of France, whose military household, like that of the king, was presided over by the first noblemen in the kingdom. They found palaces, riches, and royal attendance. They settled down into their new position with all the ease of young women who are prepared for any change of fortune, and soon soared so high that the eyes of all Eu-

rope were fixed upon them. The glitter of the family of Mazarin may be best compared to that of a Bengal light; it had the same suddenness, the same strange brilliancy, the same brief duration. It is not enough to say that this dazzling splendor illuminated all France; for a time it spread beyond the French frontier, it drew to the footstools of these sirens princes from east and west and south and north; and then all of a sudden the light went out. Dark scandals, misfortunes, ruin, exile, death, all fell at once on the ambitious band. It was utterly annihilated, but not until its plebeian blood had mingled with that of the noblest families of Europe.

Among the seven nieces of Mazarin we have chosen Marie Mancini as our subject, because she came very near being queen of France. She might, indeed, at any rate, have been chosen as the typical character of her race, for she represented the medium morality of the Mazarines, standing midway between its saints and its most scandalous offenders; the Princess de Conti on the one part, and Olympia Mancini, Countess of Soissons on the other. "Deducting the two saints," said Saint-Simon, comparing Marie with the rest of her family, "she was, though capable of any foolishness, the best of the Mazarines." And Saint-Simon estimated her at her real value.

II.

IN the second instalment of nephews and nieces that reached Mazarin from Italy, namely that of 1653, there was a little maiden of thirteen or fourteen, who seemed to the French court a marvel of ugliness. She was yellow and swarthy, loose-jointed and scrawny. She had a neck and arms whose length was out of all proportion to her body. Her mouth was wide, her lips were thin, her black eyes were cold and hard. There was no charm nor any promise of charm about her. Her mind conformed to her appearance. "She was bold," writes Madame de la Fayette, "resolute, impetuous, and free in her manners, and she dispensed with any show of civility or politeness." Among her sisters and her cousins she seemed like some wild creature in confinement, bristling with mistrust to every one, and ever wanting to bite. This unattractive girl was Marie Mancini.

Her mother had had but a poor opinion of her. Madame Mancini died in Paris in 1656. On her deathbed she commended her children to the care of her brother the

* Bussy's Memoirs.

cardinal, "and told him especially," says Madame de Motteville, "that she wished him to put her third daughter, Marie, into a convent, because the girl had always seemed to her to have a bad disposition, and because her late husband, who had been an adept in astrology, had told her that she would be the cause of many evils." Madame Mancini judged her little brown daughter too severely, and M. Mancini would have prophesied better had he read in the stars that it would be advisable to shut up his daughter Olympia. Mazarin, however, though he put faith in horoscopes, seems to have paid no attention to this one drawn by his brother-in-law, and kept Marie at the French court. It was not long before he had reason to repent having done so.

The girl, whose portrait we have given as she appeared to her contemporaries in her early youth, was a true child of the south, all flame, passion, and impetuosity. Fire appeared before long to emanate from her. There were flames in her large dark eyes, which grew softer as she grew older. Her features were illuminated by the spirit within. Her voice acquired the soft tones which stir men's hearts, her lightest gestures betrayed her impetuous ardor, and by contact with polite society she acquired refinement. When she left Rome she knew all the Italian poets by heart, including Ariosto. She was not long in becoming equally familiar with those of France. Corneille delighted her. Gomberville, La Calprenède, and Scudéry intoxicated her. The literature of heroic action and the literature of love were equally acceptable to her. The one went to her head, the other to her heart. She loved art. She was fascinated by astrology, which she had studied in Italy, and to which she had recourse for advice on any occasion of perplexity. She had about her something both mesmeric and attractive, which had a disquieting influence on those brought into contact with her. The court was amazed by her screams, her sobs, her floods of tears while the illness lasted which came near carrying off Louis XIV. in 1658. Marie cared nothing in her grief for etiquette or self-restraint. She abandoned herself in the sight of all men to the full force of her despair, as Mademoiselle de Montpensier says, "*Elle se tuait de pleurer.*"

This was all the more remarked upon because her family took the prospect of the king's death in a very different fashion, treating it in a manner much more *marzine*. The cardinal hid away the

wealth he had accumulated, sent his furniture out of his palace, and began to pay court to the friends of Monsieur, the king's brother, who was his heir presumptive. Olympia Mancini, whose tender relations with the king had given rise to so many remarks, played cards with the greatest composure; a prince about to die could be no longer of any use to her, and Louis had ceased to interest her. When Louis XIV., in spite of the apparent hopelessness of his condition, began to recover, "every one," says Madame de la Fayette, "began to tell him about the extreme grief shown by Mademoiselle Mancini." And she adds slyly: "It may be that there came a day when she told him of it herself."

The king was twenty. He had already had some love affairs. One was with Madame de Beauvais, nicknamed Gateau la Borgeresse, one of his mother's waiting maids; one was with a duchess of long experience in such affairs, Madame de Châtillon. But though he had been in love he had never been loved, possibly because he was too timid among women, a youth who blushed or grew pale when he touched the hand of a young beauty. Tears came to his eyes easily, an effect of his nerves, and this readiness to weep came back to him in his old age. "He sometimes sheds tears that he cannot control," said Madame de Maintenon to one of her confidantes in 1705. The idea that he had inspired a passionate affection, such an affection as he, more than any other man in the world might naturally feel to be his due, could not but arouse his interest. He looked more observantly at Marie Mancini, and found her appearance greatly improved. He spoke to her designedly (*avec application*), says Saint-Simon, and became before long like a straw before a whirlwind.

He loved her at first because she willed it. He loved her afterwards by his own free will, and from an honorable motive, because he felt in hers a superior mind, in contact with which his own enlarged its horizon. In order to understand his state we must forget for a moment the Louis XIV. so well known to us, the king who was the sun in his own planetary system, and look back to what nature and education had made of him at the age of twenty.

His good looks have been already mentioned. And to personal beauty were added a majesty and a natural grace which distinguished him among his courtiers, "pointing him out," says Saint-Simon, as

"king of the hive." He was skilful in manly exercises, having been carefully trained in this respect, he danced well, and was an admirable horseman. But Mazarin had had him taught nothing else. Louis XIV. said of himself that he was most profoundly ignorant; and he was not one of the men who knew things by intuition. He knew nothing but what he had been taught, and the cardinal made him the playmate of his nieces. His ideas were of the kind that required stimulation, and nobody had taken the trouble to awaken them. His mind was still asleep, though he had reached the age of twenty. Within his breast were the germs of those great qualities which subsequently evolved a great monarch out of a commonplace intellect, but these germs had found neither air nor light in which to fructify. When Marie Mancini became his friend it was as if a gleam of sunshine had found its way into a dark, closed chamber. He learned and understood more things in six months than he had done since he had been born into the world.

She opened to him the world of heroism; she told him about heroes of love, constancy, and self-sacrifice, — men who won glory in the world. She taught him that there are feelings high or hidden, noble or passionate, which give value to existence. She reproached him for his ignorance, and became his instructress. She taught him Italian. She put into his hands books of poetry, romance, and tragedy, she read both prose and verse to him with her sympathetic voice, in tones that soothed or intoxicated him. She encouraged him to hold serious intercourse with men of merit, and of mature minds. She stimulated him by emulation, and assisted him to acquire clearness and nobleness in his manner of expressing himself. To her he owed also whatever taste he ever showed for art.

And he owed her more than all this put together, for she made him ashamed of having no ambition, no dreams for the future, no desires that extended beyond the choice of a costume, or a *pas de ballet*. She made him sensible, in short, that he was a king, and inspired him with the idea that he might be a great king. This part of her instructions he never forgot.

The love he bore her was tinged by a consciousness that she played the part of his Egeria. At first, before she became his instructress, his fancy for her resembled the usual fancy that a young man takes for a young woman. She tells us all about it with much grace in a small

book she called her "Apology."* She says: "The terms of familiar intercourse in which I lived with the king and his brother were so delightful and so free from ceremony that I felt at liberty to say just what I thought, and what I said did not always please. Hence it happened that after a journey that we made to Fontainebleau with the court, which we (the nieces of Mazarin) always accompanied wherever it went,† I was first apprised that the king was not indifferent to me, having sufficient penetration, young as I was, to understand that language which says more without words than can be said by the most eloquent declarations. Possibly, too, the especial interest that I took in the king, in whom I perceived high qualities that surpassed those of any man in his kingdom, rendered me more acute in this than in any other matter. The testimony of my own eyes would have been to convince me that I had made a conquest of great importance, had not the courtiers, who are spies in ordinary on the actions of the sovereign, found out his Majesty's affection for me as well as I, and they hastened prematurely to confirm their discovery by showing me vast respect and extraordinary consideration. Furthermore the assiduous attentions of the monarch, the magnificent presents he made me, and more than all, his sighs, his emotion, and his compliance with all my wishes, left me no room to doubt how the case stood."

Emotions, sighs, and gifts were the current expression of love in those days, and so far there was nothing to distinguish this love affair from others of the same period. But a few weeks later the young prince was subjugated by an ardent and complex passion, compounded of tenderness, gratitude, admiration, and submission, the confidence reposed by a pupil in his master, and the peculiar fascination which a woman of the south exercises over the man of a northern clime. Marie Mancini kept the fire alive by violent explosions, which were part of her character. She followed the king everywhere, she would not leave him, she persecuted him with her presence, and yet she so contrived that the persecution was agreeable to him, until at last he could not do without her. In the palace she was his very shadow,

* Its title is "Apologie ou les Véritables Mémoires de Madame Marie Mancini, comtesse de Colonna écrits par elle-même" 1678. The genuineness of the apology has been contested. But M. Chantelauze has given judgment in its favor.

† This was in August and September, 1678. Louis XIV. had been taken ill about the end of June.

and he had only eyes and ears for her. If the court was on a journey Mademoiselle Mancini quitted the company of other ladies in their carriages, and followed her knight on horseback over hill and dale. They cared nothing for winter cold or summer heat, for wind, or rain, or frost; they were together, that was enough—that was everything. She accustomed him to tell her what he thought, what he had learned, what he had heard, his projects, his affairs. From such confidences it was but a step to the habit of consulting her about everything, and the step was quickly taken. Mistress, absolute mistress of the heart and mind of the king, Marie Mancini was not long in resolving to make use of her power. She raised her eyes to the French throne, and deemed the elevation not too great for her. She let it be understood that she deemed such a height not inaccessible, and had no thought of being discouraged. Besides the king two persons only had a voice in the matter. One was the queen mother, the other Cardinal Mazarin. To understand fully what Marie Mancini had to expect for or against her project from these personages we must give a glance at their relations to each other, and at the fortunes of the Mazarine family since its arrival in France.

III.

ON the accession of Louis XIV., May 14, 1643, the position of Cardinal Mazarin in France was very precarious. The late king had named him one of the Council of Regency, but the queen regent hated him because he had been a creature of Richelieu's. He made believe to give up his position in France, he announced that he was about to return to Rome, but before his departure he resolved to try what his Italian graces would do for him. His plan was soon marked out. Anne of Austria had the supreme power, his rôle was to insinuate himself into the favor of Anne of Austria in such a manner that the queen could refuse nothing to the woman. So Mazarin set to work.

The queen mother was past forty. She was a coquette, but she liked to be wooed with romance and with a certain observance of fixed rules. Above all things, she took pleasure in conversational gallantry, in languishing glances, and in small personal attentions. Madame de Chevreuse, the confidential friend of her early days, assures us that the queen's aversion to Richelieu arose from his being a *pédant en amour*. Pedantry in love is indeed

insupportable, and very few women would put up with it. Mazarin's letters, on the other hand, show us how acceptable small personal attentions were always to the queen. When they were both old, and he was afflicted with the gout, while extremely occupied by the Treaty of the Pyrenees, he sent her little presents such as he might have done to a schoolgirl. "I send you," he writes from Saint-Jeande-Lur, "a box (*boîte*) with eighteen fans which have been forwarded to me from Rome. . . . You will also receive four pairs of gloves that my sister has sent me in a parcel."

Mazarin took warning from the example of Richelieu. He was no pedant. He appeared madly in love, and overwhelmed by a feeling of his own unworthiness. He seemed to melt away in tenderness, and to be humble as the grass of the fields under the feet of his divinity. He was insinuating, and never daring, more submissive than insinuating, more lovable than submissive; and he succeeded.

As soon as he felt sure of his success his correspondence with Anne of Austria makes us acquainted with the fact. In one of her exiles during the Fronde, the queen ends a letter addressed to him with these passionate words: "Till my last sigh; farewell, I can write no more." Their intercourse had remembrances never to be forgotten. When she was fifty-eight she wrote to him: "Your letter gave me great happiness. I do not know if I can express my happiness so that you will believe in it. If I had thought that one of my letters could have pleased you so much I should have joyfully written it. It is true that to perceive the transports with which they were received and to have seen them read would have made me remember days that are passed, which, indeed, I think of continually, whatever you may believe. If I could make you see my heart as well as what is written on this paper, I am sure you would be satisfied, or else you would be the most ungrateful man in the world. And I do not think so of you."*

Mazarin's letters are in the same strain.

"Mon Dieu! how happy I should be, and you how well satisfied, if you could see my heart, or if I could write all that is in it, or even half the things that I have sat down to write. You would not in that case find it difficult to agree with me that never was there an affection approaching that which I entertain for you. I own I

* Dated July 30, 1660.

had not thought it would have gone so far as to deprive me of all satisfaction if I employ my time in doing anything but thinking of you."*

He knew the extent of his empire over her, and had little scruple in showing that it was known to him.

"If you were nearer to *le mer*," he says, "I think you would be happier. I hope you will be soon." *Le mer* was himself. In their correspondence this was the name by which he was designated. What a triumph it must have been for a mere *parvenu*, what a gratification to his vanity, what a feeling of his own strength, when he found himself master of one of the proudest princesses who ever lived!

Most of their contemporaries believed them to have been secretly united in wedlock. There was no absolute obstacle to such a marriage, for Mazarin was a lay cardinal. He had never taken orders. In the absence of positive proof, historians are divided on the subject. Some formed their belief in a marriage in the religious character of the queen, which would never have suffered her to degrade herself by accepting a lover. Others think that her pride would never have condescended to ally itself with the son of a small tradesman. Both parties quote the writings of the time, and the arguments pro and con would be about equal, were it not that the believers in a marriage can show one of especial weight upon their side. As time passed on Mazarin became somewhat indifferent to the queen. His attentions and caresses were mixed up with rude words and careless neglect, which make his relations to the queen seem more like those of a husband than like those of a lover. He shows himself in his correspondence, for what he was, disagreeable and a fault-finder. "Never" says his niece Hortense, "did any one have such charming manners in public, nor such rough ways in domestic life."† Anne of Austria experienced what the obsequious, obliging Mazarin could be in public, and how vexatious and intractable in private life. One draws one's own conclusions as to their relations from these things.

However it may have been, the queen's affection for Mazarin was so great that it empowered her to defend him against all men, indolent as she was by nature. She was beside herself when he went away.

* Letter written in exile May 22, 1651.

† *Mémoires de la Duchesse de Mazarin*. These *mémoires* are said to have been written by Saint Real, under the inspiration and possibly the dictation of Hortense.

"Her wits are all astray," says a scandalous contemporary,* and the expression is just. We need not call to mind the troubles of the Fronde, and the many times that Mazarin would have fallen beneath the hatred and contempt of the French people had it not been for the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the queen. He was saved by her love which worked prodigies; and he knew it. It may be well conceived how greatly the confidence inspired by such obligations is felt by a man so saved. Mazarin thenceforward was up in the clouds. No more humility! Place for the true ruler of France! He never again condescended to humble himself, and, like his niece Marie, he soon came to believe that there was nothing in France beyond the reach of himself and of his family, not even the throne. He had in view of that event taken care to give Louis XIV. brothers-in-law who were not to be despised.

Laura, the eldest of the Mancini, had married in, 1651, the Duc de Mercœur, grandson of Henri IV., and the belle Gabrielle. The year after Anne Marie Martinozzi married the Prince de Conti brother of the Great Condé, and a prince of the blood. Then came the turn of the second Martinozzi who, in 1655, became Duchess of Modena. In 1657, Olympia Mancini married Prince Eugène de Carignan, Count of Soissons, prince of the house of Savoy. She, too, had had dreams of the crown of France, and at one moment seems to have touched it with her finger. Being a girl of practical views she broke short off when she found that the king made her no offer. Her uncle had done his best to aid her views, and with much regret gave up the idea of seeing her on the French throne, "but all casters of horoscopes had so unanimously informed him that she would never succeed, that at last he gave the matter up."† The beautiful Hortense was still unmarried, but was beset by princely suitors.

The cardinal had been less lucky with his nephews. Of the three, two had been marvellously endowed with gifts of nature. They died young. The third, whom his uncle made Duc de Nevers, was a wild, giddy *bel-esprit*, practically good for nothing.

However, the family could make its way without its boys. By means of its daughters it had cast anchors enough to windward to ensure its safety in any tempest.

* *L'Exorciste de la Reine*.

† *Madame de la Fayette, Histoire de Madame Henriette*.

When we consider what a pitch of greatness Marie Mancini had reached, the higher luck of which she dreamed seemed nowise impossible. Even the court would not have been astonished, for it had expected Olympia to marry the king. Marie said in her heart that the queen mother in this, as in everything else, would yield to the will of the cardinal. As for her uncle, how could she suppose that he would be anything but delighted to have the king for his nephew?

IV.

AND indeed nothing would have better pleased the cardinal. Mazarin must have been a saint not to have been tempted by the prospect, and he was no saint. On the other hand, he was no vain dreamer, capable of giving up solid advantages for brilliant visions of vain glory. He had both power and wealth. He intended to keep them, and the elevation of his niece to the throne of France would in nowise have consoled him for losing them. This we must keep in mind in order to understand the difficult part played by the cardinal in this crisis. M. de Brienne* exactly expressed the situation when he said in his memoirs: "In spite of all that his Eminence said to me, if the marriage of his Majesty with his niece could have taken place, and his Eminence could have found it favorable to his own safety, it is certain that he would not have opposed it." *Favorable to his own safety (y trouver ses sûretés)*—that was the thing! The uncle was ambitious and unscrupulous, but he was wise and prudent. The policy of the niece should have been not to irritate him. Marie Mancini was incapable of prudence. She was too whimsical and too impetuous to be astute.

We have seen that the passion of the king for Mademoiselle Mancini was first made manifest during a residence of the court at Fontainebleau. The queen mother took alarm, and in spite of the consideration "due to the young lady as her niece" says Madame de Motteville, "she expressed her feelings on the subject so openly that the uncle could not remain unaware of them." The cardinal lost his power over her in this matter of the king. Souvenirs that could never be forgotten, were forgotten, and Mazarin found himself opposed by a high and mighty princess as haughty, as proud of her race and of her blood as if he had never been to her any-

thing more than an earth-worm. She spoke her mind and spoke it loudly, but with no avail; "because," says Madame de Motteville, "up to that time the king's passion had been countenanced by the minister." Marie had a free field, and fought for her love like a she-wolf defending her cubs. She prowled around the king, ready to use her teeth at any moment, her wild brown face aflame with passion. Contemporary writers say that she was transfigured. Her terrible, yet appealing expression seeming to illuminate her person.

Meantime negotiations were going on touching the marriage of Louis XIV. with a princess of Savoy. This alliance pleased the cardinal because it would have made the queen of France cousin to his niece Olympia. Still he let Marie have every chance, and took her to Lyons where the king and the princess were to have their first interview. The court set out October 26, 1658. Marie, in her "Apologie," relates her emotions on going forth to the great battle.

"There arose," she says, "a tempest which disturbed for a short time the sweetness of those days, but it soon passed over. There was talk of marrying the king to the princess Marguerite of Savoy . . . and that obliged the court to go to Lyons. This news could not but give great trouble and pain to my heart. I leave any one who has ever loved to imagine what torment it must have been to dread losing one one loved extremely, above all when one's love was given to one so exalted, when, I say, glory authorized the feelings of the heart, and reason itself made him beloved."

She struggled bravely. She rode all the way from Paris to Lyons on horseback beside the king, who conversed with her "most gallantly."* At night when they stopped there were fresh *lête-à-lêtes*. They would talk for four or five hours at a stretch with the unceasing tattle of lovers. They played together, danced together, ate together, thought together. It was more than an attraction, it was a mutual possession. It was one of the most singular examples afforded us by history of the absorption of the personality of one human being into that of another, without any of the scientific means of effecting it employed in our own days. Apparently the king had no longer the power to form any resolution of himself, no power to make any reflection that was

* Loménie Count de Brienne, secretary of state for foreign affairs.

* *Memoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.*

not suggested to him, nor had he any feelings he could call his own.

Thus it was when they reached Lyons. The queen mother was very uneasy. The Savoy marriage was displeasing to her, she wished for the infanta of Spain, but she dreaded the audacity of her whom she called "that girl," if the Savoy engagement did not take place. Mazarin was quite easy. He knew himself to possess the means of breaking off the negotiation with Savoy if it so pleased him. At Mâcon he had met an envoy from Spain, Pimantel by name, who was commissioned to offer the hand of the infanta to Louis XIV., but he had instructed him to keep out of sight until the right moment should arrive.

The play was so skilfully arranged and so admirably acted that contemporaries themselves were deceived, and believed that the sudden appearance of Pimantel at Lyons during the interview between the king and the princess was a direct intervention of Providence. M. Chantelauze has discovered that Providence on this occasion wore a red robe and had a strong Italian accent. The proofs are preserved in the archives of the minister of foreign affairs. One may very well imagine that during the journey to Lyons Mazarin had kept his eyes open, and that he was quite conscious of the astonishing progress made by his niece Marie, also that what he saw had its influence in bringing about the *coup de théâtre* played by the Spanish ambassador. In vain would we picture to ourselves the reflections of his Eminence on the road between Mâcon and Lyons.

All we know is that he kept his secret, and that his coach was the first to meet the court party from Savoy. The queen followed with her son. Marie Mancini was left behind, to her great annoyance, though she little suspected what was passing on the highroad to Italy. The two courts had met, and the princess Marguerite had appeared before that of France in all her unmitigated ugliness, an ugliness painful to all eyes—except those of the king. Louis XIV. fell in love at first sight. He had recovered his liberty the moment he was beyond the influence of the imperious fascination of Mademoiselle Mancini. Explain it how we may, it was a fascination which lost its power when the charmer was away. The distracted lover disappeared. Louis XIV. was simply an ordinary young man, on his first introduction to a bride selected for him, and one who is not hard to please because

he is very anxious to be married. The king got into the same coach with the princess and talked to her confidentially about his mousquetaires and his gendarmes. She responded in like manner. They acted as if they had known each other all their lives, and Marie Mancini seemed forgotten. The Duchess of Savoy looked on enchanted, the court of France was amazed, and the queen mother was in consternation.

The evening of this curious day did not pass without trouble. The queen mother, struck by the ugliness of the princess, rallied her son, begged, remonstrated, wept, and received for answer that he "wished her for his wife," and that "after all he was master of his actions."* She rushed to the cardinal, who replied coldly, "that that was a matter in which he could not interfere. It was none of his business." She implored Heaven to come to her assistance, and had prayers put up in all the convents in Lyons that the marriage might never take place. She forgot in her excitement that she had an ally at hand more powerful than all the monks and nuns in her son's kingdom, and that if Marie Mancini were let loose she would make short work of poor little Princess Marguerite. If the queen forgot this Marie did not, and the catastrophe was not far distant.

She had watched for the return of the carriages, and had seized on the Grande Mademoiselle to know what had taken place. Had she been resigned and plaintive her cause would have been lost. She was bold enough to be jealous,† and that very evening the king had to endure a scene. "Are you not ashamed," she began by saying to him, "that such an ugly woman should have been picked out for you?"‡ Then came a storm of reproaches, of jeers about his "hump-backed lady," followed by a thousand violent, eloquent, imprudent, burning words, which left the king absolutely stunned and bewildered. Next day he appeared to have forgotten the princess. Marie Mancini "resumed her usual post," and the lovers gave the court of Savoy the pleasing spectacle of their ardent passion. Mazarin put an end to these unbecoming scenes by bringing forward his Spanish ambassador, and breaking off with Savoy. Here are the terms in which Marie herself records her victory. "My pain being violent it had the usual fate of

* Mémoires de Madame de Motteville.

† Madame de Motteville.

‡ Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

violent things. It did not last long; and the affair of the king's marriage came to an end as quickly as it had been begun. . . . Their Highnesses returned to Savoy, and my soul recovered its ordinary tranquillity."

The months that followed might be likened to the duet in the "Cid" between Roderigue and Chimène. Sure now that she was loved, Marie grew pacified. It was an exhibition of young poetic love. The days were too short to express all that they felt for each other, — they talked love by moonlight, and when at last Marie was obliged to return home, the king drove her himself, that, as long as possible, he might breathe the same air. He carried out to please her all kinds of romantic and absurd ideas. He desired that her life should be like a perpetual *fête*, and desired his courtiers each day to offer some fresh pleasure to his divinity. The courtiers rivalled each other in carrying out his wishes. Only young lovers were invited to the *fêtes*, and these had their heads turned in such an atmosphere. "It would take a whole book," cries Marie, "to relate all the adventures that took place in these gatherings of gallantry. I will only relate one, *en passant*, which will show how gallant the king was, and how well he knew on what occasions to display his gallantry. It was, if I remember, at Bois-le-Viscomte, in an alley shaded by trees, that I was walking somewhat rapidly. His Majesty wished to give me his hand, and in doing so bruised mine lightly against the pommel of his sword, when at once, with a charming exhibition of anger, he drew it from its scabbard and flung it away; I will not say with what an air, for no words could express it!" What grace! What juvenile tenderness and ardor! Nothing can be prettier than this gesture of wrath against the offending weapon.

The enchantment lasted all winter (1658-1659). Mazarin looked on complaisantly. His niece had given him thus far no cause to distrust her. He expected to rule her always, and through her to prevent the king from ever emancipating himself, for evidently the king was getting tired of being under his direction. He had lately had the boldness to endeavor to grant favors without consulting the cardinal. True, such attempts at revolt had been promptly repressed, but they left a secret uneasiness behind. If he should place Marie upon the throne it would seem as if his position would become unassailable. Anne of Austria might be

indignant, but Anne of Austria belonged to the past, and Mazarin could be ungrateful. Besides, he knew that he could make her yield.

He had a conversation with his niece, in which Marie informed him "how she stood with the king," and that it was by no means improbable that she might be queen of France, provided he would aid her. He did not refuse to take part in such an enterprise, and spoke one day on the subject to the queen, making believe to make light of his niece's folly, but in so ambiguous and embarrassed a way that Anne of Austria saw clearly enough what was in his thoughts, and answered him in these words: "I cannot think, M. le Cardinal, that the king would be capable of so dishonoring himself, but supposing it to be possible that he could wish to do such a thing, I warn you beforehand that all France would revolt against you and against him, and that I myself would head the insurgents and would oppose my son."*

Mazarin remained indignant at this speech, which he never forgave, and for which he revenged himself by a series of small annoyances of a kind which go to strengthen the idea that he must have been her husband. He bowed down, however, and bided his time. But his niece ruined her own cause by her impatience. It would have been easier to stay a thunder-bolt than to have hindered a burst of fury on the part of Marie Mancini. She went ahead, not appalled by the fact that she now pursued her way alone. If her uncle gave her up, so much the worse for him. Nothing need now hinder her from planning his overthrow. No sooner said than done. She opened the matter to the king, and carried on her assault with her usual fury. She jeered at the cardinal from morning till night, and the king enjoyed her witticisms. Before long Mazarin began to suspect that the day of his niece's coronation might be that of his own downfall. This suspicion suddenly awoke in him thoughts of disinterestedness. We have heard what De Brienne said *à propos* to this marriage: "If his Eminence could make sure that it would secure his own safety." "Safety" was not in it, and this the imprudent Marie had allowed him to perceive. This mistake cost her the throne of France. Mazarin reversed his policy, and was anxious to secure credit for doing so. He took his stand on the good of the State and

* Memoires de Madame de Motteville.

the honor of the king. He passed off "as a hero for despising a crown,"* he favored the Spanish marriage, and was rewarded by the incense due to virtue.

Marie fought desperately in her own cause. This was the period of her life in which she is most interesting.

MADAME VINCENT.
(ARVEDE BARINE).

* Memoires de Choisy.

From Murray's Magazine.
BOAT LIFE IN SIAM.

WATER-CARRIAGE is still the rule in Siam, and land-carriage the rare exception. Railways as yet do not exist; and the few roads which have been made quite recently in the capital and some of the larger towns do not extend more than a few miles at the most from the walls or suburbs. In country places the only means of travelling on dry land are by elephant-paths or cattle-tracks; and during the wet season, which lasts for nearly half the year, it is barely possible for men or animals, and quite impossible for carts, to make their way over these rough and miry ways. Even in the biggest towns a large proportion of the houses are accessible only by water, or by a narrow path of planks raised on posts above the marshy soil, and affording a passage only for pedestrians in single file. Accordingly the real highways, both for passenger and goods traffic, are the rivers and canals, which intersect the country in all directions and serve the purpose which in other countries is served by roads and railways.

The great central river of Siam, the "mother of waters," which drains the vast territory of western Laos, and runs through the most fertile valley of Indo-China, forms of course the main artery of trade. Down this important watercourse and its many tributary streams is poured annually the abundant produce of the northern provinces. The capital of the country, situate about thirty miles up the winding river from its mouth, is a vast emporium where the exports and imports find their temporary resting-place, and the European and Siamese merchants conduct a flourishing trade on the banks of the Menam. Probably no river in the world — but certainly no river of equal size — carries on its surface within a space of about four miles so large a number of boats of all descriptions. From the win-

dows of the custom house, looking out upon the broad ribbon of smooth water in front, the eye rests on a moving panorama in which almost every imaginable sort of craft may be seen flitting about, with occupants dressed in still more inconceivable varieties of costume. Here, however, one sees only the most public part of the boat life of the inhabitants. This broad, full river, almost exactly equal in size to the Thames in London, is the high street of the town, combining the uses and purposes of an Oxford Street, a Piccadilly, and a Cheapside. But beside and behind it is a network of smaller watercourses — the *khlongs*, or canals, both large and small, which do duty as side streets, and exhibit to the inquisitive traveller who explores them more homely and intimate scenes of native life.

The most imposing of the floating craft which display themselves to the new-comer as he rounds the last curve below Bangkok, are the big white steamers which ply between that place and the ports of Hong-kong and Singapore. About half-a-dozen steamers of five hundred tons and upwards make the journey twice a month to the capital of the Straits settlements, carrying to it full cargoes of rice and cattle with other merchandise, and an average of four or five first-class passengers, with a good load of Coolies, Malays, and Indians. About an equal number of still larger vessels run to Hong-kong with rice cargoes, doing the journey in about seven days; and the traveller who visits Siam can thus come direct there by way of Singapore, and proceed straight on to China, where he will again fall in with the big lines of ocean steamers. Smaller steamers of various sizes and shapes, colors and ages, are to be seen nestled up against the wharves or anchored in mid-stream. These are owned by Chinese and Siamese capitalists, and do a coasting trade with the provinces on each side of the Gulf of Siam, collecting firewood, fruit, pepper, coffee, and a rather miscellaneous set of products, and taking back laborers of divers nationalities, orchid collectors, missionaries, and a certain quantity of those tinned provisions, match-boxes, and cheap ware, with which the European and Japanese traders are continually flooding the Siamese markets.

More lively and active-looking objects are the steam-launches puffing merrily along, with their narrow white funnels discharging short wreaths of gaseous vapor into the sunny air, now threading their way quickly through the rice-boats and

cargo-boats in the tideway, now shooting diagonally across stream, and now bringing up deftly alongside a parting steamer, or at some of the ladder stairs which flank the mills and compounds on the bank. Further up the river, opposite the Grand Palace and the public buildings, are to be seen the royal yachts and gun-boats, looking spick and span with their square yards and neat lines, and, on any one of the many gala days, their gay show of bright bunting fluttering in the gentle breeze. A new feature in the scene are the launches of the River Flotilla Company, started by a Siamese association for the carriage of passengers on the "penny steamer" system, and filled with a heterogeneous set of travellers, including priests, doctors, market people, mourners on their way to a funeral, or revellers returning from a wedding party. Here and there a tug may be seen, laboring hoarsely up against the tide, towing a long line of rice-boats, or a heavy barque which has sailed some thousands of miles into the Menam, and is on the lookout for a cargo of teak for export.

But the quaintest and most picturesque of all the bigger craft in the port are the Chinese junks, moored in long, irregular rows along one or other side of the channel, rearing their ridiculous sterns high out of the flood, and hiding under rough masses of matting the thousand-and-one hideous odds and ends which make up the filthy interior of a Chinese ship. Sometimes one of these old-fashioned junks will be seen running up stream before the wind, its big sails glistening like gold in the sun, and the water rippling brightly under its bluff bows, where the painted eye stares stolidly out over the busy river, as it has for weeks past over the light-blue waters of the China Sea. When these flaxen-colored sails come down, and the junk swings round to its dropped anchor, then the fun begins. In their excess of thankfulness for escape from a watery grave, the pig-tailed crew bring out the tin pans of ceremonial usage, and with a banging that would deafen any European in two minutes, keep up for half an hour or more the most monotonous and infernal din that any savage ever devised.

When there is a good wind up stream, which is the case for nearly half the year, smaller sails are to be seen hurrying at a great pace on to the town with the earliest of the tide. They are mounted on large, light masts, stepped in a long, slim canoe of some thirty feet, which is loaded with the last catch of fish in the Siamese Gulf.

When the wind does not suit, these fish-boats come up almost all the way on the oar; and it is quite astonishing to see with what speed and strength the oarsmen accomplish the long distance from the sea. Catching the very first of the flood at Paknam — the mouth of the Menam — they very nearly keep up with it for twenty miles, cutting off eleven miles of the big river by means of a cross-cut canal only a mile in length. Three or four stalwart men standing up to their oars, gondola fashion, force the long blades through the water with incredible energy and endurance, the perspiration rolling off their bare backs and arms, which glance in the sun as if anointed with oil. Inside the open boat are piles of white fish of various kinds caught off the small fishing towns which lie scattered about the upper end of the gulf. These are a harmless sort of fish-boats, and may be passed without alarm. But there is a very different kind, to which, if you see them coming, you should give as wide a birth as possible. A flatter and more cumbersome wherry, nearly approaching to a barge, and propelled more lazily by a scrubby-looking oarsman or two, now and then goes up on the flood, carrying horror and disgust to every European who may be within a hundred yards of its course. Inside is a huge pile of fish literally rotting in the hot sun. The salt, or chemical with which this garbage is supposed to be guaranteed against putridity, is very far from saving it from the outward signs thereof; and an odor of the most pungent and acrid description infects the whole air through which one of these dreaded vessels is rowed. The contents are not used, as it might reasonably be supposed, for manure, but for human food, taking their part in the very full-flavored curries with which the poorer inhabitants season their bowl of rice.

The slowest and most lumbering occupants of the fast-flowing river are the immense rice-boats which serve as a really capacious house for the native dealers. Rising like a toy Noah's Ark out of a solid hull of teak, the central edifice bulges out for some feet and then forms itself into a long arch, tallest amidships, and lower towards the sides and ends. At each of its flat ends, fore and aft, is a stout wall of wood, with doors and windows; and the outer space between this and the end of the hull forms a sort of promenade or portico, which can be shaded from the sun by a light awning of bamboo or matting. Alongside the hull

are the enormous barge-poles and oars which serve for the propulsion of this huge hulk, and sometimes also a mast and sail for driving before the wind. Whole families can and do pass their lives on board these floating habitations, scooping up the dirty water of the river for use not only in cooking, but often even for drinking purposes, taking their baths from the side of it, and sometimes catching their supply of fish by merely casting a net overboard. Long distances have often been travelled by these unwieldy craft on their way down from the paddy fields where the rice is grown. But for every day spent on the way down, the occupants will have to spend a week at least going back, laboriously poling and rowing against the steady current, and consuming no small fraction of the year in the return home, when they will rest awhile, and again harvest in the crop before starting on the next year's journey to market. Three weeks to come down stream with full cargo; a week to dispose of it and indulge in the gaieties of the capital; four or five months to get back with the emptied boat; and the rest of the year for farm-work at home—such is the programme for many a Siamese family which lives as contentedly and placidly as the profoundest philosopher.

Very different are the house-boats of polite life, in which the well-to-do classes—both Siamese and European—go about their ordinary town travelling. On a twenty foot hull, built very much like an Oxford gig, is a strong, flat half-deck of teak planks, extending for six feet or so from the bow and the stern. Amidships is placed the square "house," built of light teak planks on strong uprights, and with a wooden roof like that of a four-wheeled cab. At the aft side of this is a large aperture with a venetian blind that can be raised or lowered at will, and on each side are two similar square openings with the same sort of shutters. The front of the superstructure is almost entirely open; and one gets into the interior by bending and stepping down from the fore deck on to the floor of the house. A cushioned seat, more or less comfortable according to the taste of the owner, runs round three sides of the interior; or in some cases the floor itself serves as a couch or sofa with mattresses and pillows all complete. Enconced in this retreat, with the wind blowing freely through the venetian blinds all round, one can read or sleep, or look out lazily on the busy river scene, whilst four

dusky boatmen, wearing the colored uniform of their master, drive the boat along joyously with their long splashing oars. Each oar is attached by a hempen whisp to the upright post which serves as a rowlock; and the men, standing close behind one another, two in front and two astern, throw the weight of their bodies forward in exact unison, feathering the oar when they have reached out as far as they can, and recovering themselves with a jerk backwards and a push with the forward knee. Some of the wealthy people ornament these "four chow" boats in elaborate style with carving and paint, and gilding and gorgeous curtains. Others are of plain teak or simply painted white; and some have hanging canvas instead of walls, and merely an awning overhead. A small house-boat, intended for one person only, can get along very fast and well with only two oarsmen, one in front and the other behind. But variety is the rule in this as in most other things in Siam; and some of the chow-boats are shabby in the last degree, and occupied by the dingiest of individuals in the ugliest of costumes. Ugliness of costume or manner is, however, quite the exception in Bangkok, and more often than not the interior of a house-boat will contain brightly dressed people, looking like bouquets of flowers in a tent. Europeans, with their plain white twill or flannel, do not show off these boats half so well as the Siamese, with their gay-colored dresses, pretty scarves, and light rippling laughter.

For ordinary passengers who affect no grandeur and despise comfort and style, there is a cheap mode of conveyance by water, which must have a passing mention. The *sampan* is a shallop with high ends, ending almost, though not quite, in a point; a rounded outside, looking as if the whole thing had been scooped out of a log; low sides, always appearing to be dangerously near the water, and a few cross-benches of a rustic order. A single upright post rises from one side rather near the stern; and to the top of this can be hooked on, by means of the orthodox twist, the hempen noose which always does duty for a rowlock. Into such a boat, according to its size, will be stowed two or three or more passengers, up to as many as sometimes nearly half a score, who squat down with the utmost *sang froid* in a craft which to a European stranger looks as if it could be upset by moving a finger. These boats ply for hire at some of the numerous "stairs" or landings where there is a large passenger traffic

across the stream, and the din of boatmen at these places shouting for each "Nai" or "Master" who looks a likely customer is worthy of Westminster in the palmy days of the Thames watermen. When the crank-looking craft is full, or the passengers become too impatient to wait any longer, the oarsman, or oarswoman — for the fair sex by no means decline this labor — takes up the handle of the oar, which at its extremity is shaped like the crook of an umbrella. With a few long, vigorous strokes he pulls the boat out from the shore, and then with many twists of the arm and much adroit manœuvring, swings the bow out into the river, meeting the tide diagonally and preparing for the voyage across. The business of propelling such a craft with only one oar fixed to one side is no less puzzling than one might suppose; and the very few Europeans who have attempted the task find their boat working round and round towards the side on which there is no oar with a perverse persistency that seems entirely hopeless. This natural tendency of the *sampan* to describe circles in the water is overcome in fact by a device of leaning so upon the oar that it forces the stern of the boat inwards, while at the same time driving the whole boat forwards. But to acquire the power of doing this is not given to the ordinary European, who the more he attempts it seems to run the more risk of catching crabs and making his ship go backwards, or even toppling over bodily, and taking an involuntary header for the diversion of a merry host of Siamese spectators.

Not only passengers, paying ridiculously small bronze coins to their watermen, are carried in these unsafe-looking shallops, but merchandise of all sorts, which is often sold from them as things are in London off a costermonger's cart. Piles of coconuts, oranges, or bananas, depressing the bulwarks within two or three inches of the water, go gaily along, their conductor feeling quite at his ease until by chance some bigger launch than usual, or a light tug, or perhaps a big steamer of some kind heaves in sight, when his indifference is exchanged for some show of hurry and excitement, and he hastens toward shore to get behind the shelter of some floating house. Often it is a much more risky cargo which overloads these boats — a whole toy-shop of fragile knicknacks, a pile of silks and piece goods, a thousand or so of small glass lamps, or a dessert of sweetmeats for some wedding feast. Marvellous is the skill and caution with which

the women in charge of such hazardous loads thread their way through the legion of nondescript boats of all sorts and sizes which meet them in their course. Now and then a shriek of alarm from one of them warns the heedless Chinaman or too zealous Malay to give the fair owner a wide berth; but the warning is almost always in time, and with a bright smile and graceful inclination of the head her thanks are rendered as she gets her boat's nose straight again and looks ahead for a fresh danger. Good-humor and mutual forbearance are the universal rule; and the Asiatic who allowed his temper to be ruffled, or his rough-and-ready courtesy to give way, would be looked upon as a disgusting barbarian beyond the pale of decent society. With such instincts as kindheartedness and consideration for others, which are real instincts amongst the Siamese, life on the water, even in a *sampan*, becomes pleasant and happy. What an extraordinary difference between these people and the creatures who disport themselves on holidays on the Thames in and round London!

Lastly there are the canoes — more picturesque, perhaps, than anything else which floats. Take a specimen or two, such as may be seen any day in almost any number. Here is a quartette of priests in their saffron-colored robes and with bare, close-shaven heads. In the middle of them the oldest of the party reclining with much dignity, cigarette in mouth and fan in hand. In front, two younger men with half a forearm emerging from the thick folds of the robe, and paddles, one on each side, plunging quickly but steadily into the dark-brown water. At the stern a middle-aged ecclesiastic squatting in the same attitude, but attending also to the steering of the small vessel, and not unfrequently "easing" for a few strokes, so as not to lower his dignity quite to a par with the younger men. Just behind, perhaps, will come a whole crew of Siamese maidens, their close-cropped hair sticking up like black clothes-brushes on their heads, white linen jackets with long sleeves covering their bodies, and showing off the light pink and green scarves deftly thrown over their shoulders, while a more inquisitive glance will discover their well-shaped feet, and legs bare to the knee, curled up Turkish-wise on the floor. Very speedily and neatly they dash the blade of their short paddles into the stream, keeping up an almost incessant chatter as they go along, and chaffing unmercifully any well-looking man whom

they may pass on the shore or in a boat; peals of laughter breaking from them as often as a good repartee is given on either side. Then you will have a stolid Chinaman alone in his rather heavy canoe, urging it on with laborious strokes, and occasionally yelling some demoniacal cry, which, being interpreted, means that he wants a customer for the blocks of fat white pork lying in the fore part of his ship.

It is in the morning early — that is early for the Siamese — at seven or eight o'clock in the big river just outside the palace gates that you may see the finest collection of canoes. Here is held every morning a sort of water market. Some hundreds of canoes, mostly handled by young and old women, are packed in serried ranks, like a large flock of ducks on a pond. Oranges, limes, betel-nuts, bananas of thirty different kinds, cakes, fritters, sweet-meats, sugar-sticks — every sort of light refreshment dear to Siamese *gourmets* — come piled up in the canoe to this busy rendezvous; offering and bidding, haggling and trafficking, joking and mock quarrelling, is the order of the day. A hundred gay colors, besides those of the fruit and flowers, are blended together in a moving kaleidoscope, as you look from a short distance upon the flotilla of market-women. Gradually the bright noisy group dissolves away, and the little bare-headed dealers, retreating before the growing tyranny of the rising sun, flit like water-flies to the shaded nook where they are to eat their simple but savory breakfast.

A far more imposing sort of paddle-worked boat remains to be noted. For some days before any royal ceremony on the river is to be held, you may see occasionally passing up it an enormous canoe looking like a gigantic tree scooped out. As a matter of fact some of these monsters are no more than gigantic teak-trees, bulged out in their middle by the slow action of fire, and turned up slightly at the two ends. Upon narrow cross benches in them will be ranged a hundred or more paddlers, with a steersman, a lookout man, and a sort of bandmaster or orchestra leader, who gives the time to the whole crew. In unison these dusky boatmen raise their paddles in the air overhead, and in unison they plunge them into the stream — an equal number on each side — dashing them quickly through a short stroke and then raising them aloft again. These men are being coached up to form the crew for a royal barge; and on the day of the ceremony they will appear in

very different get-up. A royal barge in Siam is a portentous structure. Its lower part is an immensely long and rather flat boat, turning up at the ends, so that these are reared many feet above the water. Strangely and weirdly fashioned are these towering ends, presenting to view such wonders as a colossal dolphin covered with gilding, a multi-colored crocodile, or glittering dragon, all red, green, and gold. Along the benches fore and aft are packed the paddlers, dressed in gorgeous costumes of the brightest colors, a royal red predominating; and from the middle of the hull rises the pavilion of state, a sort of pagoda with four corners, richly covered or inlaid with colored bits of porcelain and gilding and tinsel, hung with bright curtains, festooned with real and artificial flowers, and surmounted with one or more of the peaked emblems of royalty. Inside is a sort of chamber in which are placed old-fashioned weapons, some palace guards in gala dress, and perhaps some courtiers or officers of state. One of these monsters will carry a towering structure with a throne at the top, upon which his Majesty will sit if he comes out to honor the procession with his presence. Other less pretentious royal barges will carry only a large awning draped with the royal standard, and looking at a distance rather like a howdah taken off the back of some gigantic elephant and lifted into the canoe. In spite of the great size of these leviathans and the smallness of the paddles, they travel at a very good pace, driven by the short, sharp strokes of multitudinous men on each side. A procession of half-a-dozen such giants following one another, and followed in their turn by smaller but capacious barges, belonging to the chief princes and nobles, makes a grand spectacle on this noble river, and rivals probably the greatest glories attained on our own river by the water pageants of mediæval London.

Let us look away from the big river and up one of the big *khlongs* or canals which run into it here and there. In these the tide is less strong, but the crowd of small boats is greater; and just as much care is needed to avoid being run down, or run into, or wrecked on any of the numerous projecting obstacles which jut out into the stream in all sorts of unexpected places. Here you see the advantage of the Siamese style of rowing, where the oarsman faces his work and can look ahead without turning round. If the tide is against you, it is very bad policy to go up the

middle of the canal, where you meet the full force of the current; and your proper plan is to sniggle along close to the bank, or rather close to the fringe of floating houses and moored boats and landing-stages, which project from the real bank into the water. And as no two of these obstacles project to an equal distance, or form a flat continuous frontage, there is at almost every boat's length a new chance of fouling some corner, or at least striking an oar against some post or platform, or other stumbling-block. An almost greater variety of small boats seems to be collected in the khlongs than in the main river—lighters loaded with bricks or earthenware pots, or rice, or paddy ash; house boats occupied by fat Chinamen; canoes and sampans innumerable, going at all sorts of paces up and down, across and along; rice-boats with their immensely long oars sweeping almost the whole width of the canal, and bearing down upon the more frail craft which meet them, with a threatening force and weight that soon clears them out of the way like leaves before a gust of wind.

As the khlong narrows and the houses grow more scarce along the bank, a European in his own boat begins to attract more attention. The children run out to the top of their landing-ladders, timid but curious, and calling to their mothers to come and look at the *farang*. Tied to each one of these ladders will be at least one or two light canoes—the habitual and indeed only mode of transport for the family. Still further up, a mile or more from the mouth of the canal, the long succession of wharves, shops, and houses is at length broken, and you get a short reach of real country, where the plantains and oranges and mangoes, interspersed with tall betel-nut palms, have it all their own way, and except at full high water it is difficult or impossible to land on either side, by reason of the broad strip of slippery mud which defends the crown of the bank. In these long, narrow canals, which extend sometimes for many leagues into the country, the tide falls with varying rapidity and with an insidious quietness. Imagine the position of a European party which, starting for a few hours to explore one of these waterways, is left stranded at 9 A.M. on its muddy bed in the scorching sun. Without food or drink, or even perhaps a pack of cards or a novel, the situation of such unfortunates is awful to contemplate. To wade through mud about three feet deep and climb the bank, would only be one short step on the road to es-

cape. They would have to drag their wet and miry clothes through a tangle of fruit-trees and fences hardly less impenetrable than real jungle, risking sunstroke as well as the off chance of a bite from some deadly snake. On the other hand, no rescue by boat is possible, for every five minutes makes it more and more hopeless that anything should come past except the lightest canoes. A native crew forced into such a position, as thousands are every day, feels no discomfort at all. The rice-boat journeying across country by way of tidal khlongs takes full advantage of the flood, be it by night or by day, struggles along gallantly at a rate of some five miles an hour as long as there is water to float the ship, and then puts into the bank under some friendly tree-shade to wait till the next flood. Here the thick shelter of the bamboo-plaited, domed roof serves as a protection from sun by day or dew by night, and the tired oarsmen and oarswomen, stretched at length on the mat-covered planks, sleep heavily without caring even for mosquitoes or flies until the first welcome movement of the floor as the barge floats rouses them to *kin-kow*, or meal time, and a fresh bout of labor.

Only one cause stops their onward course for a few minutes. At some commodious landing-ladder, at a suitable time of the tide, the wherry is brought to, and the whole family, father, mother, and children, besides perhaps a spare aunt or two, all jump into the uninviting brown water, the elders having first exchanged the *panung*, or knickerbocker of ordinary wear, for a *sarong*, or girding of common cloth. Very bashful the women are, hiding up to their chins if a *farang*, or European is in sight, and seizing upon a moment when he is looking the other way to trip up the ladder and escape behind cover of the boat side. But the children enjoy more than anything in the day their free swim in the thick water, larking about, chasing and splashing one another, and playing like amphibious creatures, as they are, in water, which in the afternoon of a day in the sunny season is rather to be called hot than warm. In the more crowded khlongs at about five o'clock, especially if the tide is then high, it is quite a sight to see the multitude of human heads bobbing about on the surface, as men, women, and children turn in for their daily bath. As you row up such a canal you must take great care where you dip your oar or sculls; and how you dip them forward between the strokes. Otherwise you will hear a shrill cry from one or more of the little bathers

dabbling about on each side, and if a hand is not put up to seize and avert the threatening blade, you may find that you have cut open one of the round, black-thatched heads with it.

In the narrower canals where there is much traffic a block is almost as common as in Fleet Street or the Strand. Sometimes there is a raft of teak, being floated up to some saw-mill, and usurping more than half of the water-way. If it meets a good-sized rice-boat which tries to pass it at a shallow spot, both may get stuck; and the accumulation of smaller boats coming up behind on each side wedges itself in so that the chance of getting clear is still more difficult. It is in such a case that the inexhaustible good-humor of the Siamese waterman comes out. Instead of objurgations and grumblings, advice is given as to the best device for clearing a way. The *lambak*, or trouble, which has arisen, is attributed to the malign influence of chance or demons; and the stupid people who have caused it by their clumsiness are regarded rather as innocent victims, to be cheered up with sympathy, than as bunglers who should be reviled. No sooner is the obstacle removed than an outburst of joyful exclamations seems to sweep away at a breath all the annoyance of the past few minutes, and the several crews go on their way happier and more cheery, to all appearance, than if no difficulty or delay had occurred.

At nightfall, about seven o'clock, most of the Siamese small craft have got home, and are safely chained up in a position where when the tide turns in the night they will not drift round and get in the way. But here and there you will see a small white light like a glow-worm flitting along over the dark water. Often this is the boat-lamp of a night huckster of comestibles going his round of the floating houses. From time to time you may hear from your window his hoarse cry, drawn out into a long, musical cadence of several bars sometimes, as he runs through the list of cakes, sweetmeats, or other dainties which he has on board. But the chief collection of boats at night is round the river-side theatres, several of which are always in working order. A broad glare of lamplight, reflected in the water, betrays from afar the situation of these palaces of delight, which are no more than broad floating platforms, extemporized into a stage and a pit. Inside, the banging of sticks and clanging of cymbals, and other noises of Siamese and Chinese

drama excite the enthusiasm of a very motley audience. But all round the platform are ranged, in triple and quadruple tiers, the canoes of the theatre-goers, who at about midnight will be trooping off home again, scattering in all directions like a small swarm of water fire-flies pouring out from some fiery rendezvous on the bank.

Thus the boat life of Siam includes almost all life. Business and pleasure, health and happiness, all centre in the river or its branches. A boat and a paddle are almost as natural and indispensable possessions to a Siamese as his arms or legs. He has no notion of travelling any distance except by boat; and the idea of living in a place inaccessible by water generally strikes him as absurd. Deprive him of his boat, and he will be like a bird docked of its wings, helpless, shiftless, and purposeless. Roads and railways may in time bring into existence a race of purely terrestrial Siamese. But for the present the population is, with few exceptions, amphibious.

E. B. M.

From The Times.

THE NEW INDIAN PROVINCE OF BELOOCHISTAN.

THE last decade has witnessed a remarkable expansion, both eastward and westward, of our Indian Empire, and the appearance of regular administration reports for both upper Burmah and British Beloochistan may be said to have set the official seal to the act of incorporation of these two provinces into Indian territory. It is a pity that the report on Beloochistan, which professedly deals with the year 1887-88, should not have been published till 1890; but the region is one of such exceptional political and strategical importance that its first official record of administration claims more than ordinary attention. It was in Lord Lytton's time that the earliest advance in force was made into these transfrontier highlands; a treaty was concluded between the viceroy and his Highness Mir Khudadad Khan, khan of Khelat, and his frontier fort of Quetta was garrisoned by British troops. Since then the political agency of British Beloochistan has been established, and in 1887 the tracts of Pishin, Shorarud, Kach, Kawas, Harnai, Sibi, and Thal Chotiali were formed into a chief commissioner-ship; and arrangements were made for

the introduction therein of a code of law. It is with the name of Sir Robert Sandeman, the first resident and agent to the governor-general, that the development of this province is mainly connected, and, though he is supposed to act as a mere adviser of the khan in regard to Beloochistan proper, his power of arbitration under the treaty in case of disputes between the khan and the minor chiefs has invested him with almost supreme authority, and has converted the whole region into what it now is, to all intents and purposes, a protected native State of British India. Though the general character of the country is not attractive, its normal aridity being varied by destructive rains and the seasons' temperature oscillating between intense heat and the most penetrating cold, yet many tracts have been already rendered fertile by subterranean irrigation, and many more are cultivable. Moreover, the summer temperature of the uplands, though great, is a distinct and welcome change to constitutions tried by the scorching and exhausting heat of the Indian plains, and the marked change as the railway ascends what is practically the commencement of the plateau of central Asia is noted by most travellers.

During the greater part of the year reviewed in the administration report, Beloochistan was held in charge by Colonel Sir Oliver St. John, R.E., K.C.S.I., who acted for Sir Robert Sandeman while the latter was on a furlough. Lord Dufferin, at that time viceroy of India, and Lady Dufferin, together with their suite, visited the agency in November, 1887, and a number of other notabilities, including provincial governors, members of Council, members of Parliament, and unofficial travellers were also attracted thither during the cold season. Some anxiety was caused during the year by the fact that the discontent of the Ghilzai tribes in Afghanistan, which had smouldered throughout the winter of 1886-87,

broke out with the return of the mild weather. At one time the issue of this struggle between the ameer and his rebellious subjects appeared doubtful, and had Sirdar Ayoob Khan effected his escape from Teheran at an earlier date and joined the rebels, the rising might have assumed more important dimensions. As it was, the ameer's troops eventually quelled the rising, and large numbers of the defeated Ghilzais sought refuge in British territory, where they were allowed to remain, easily absorbed into the floating population employed on the large public works in progress throughout the province. The ameer is said to have taken some umbrage at the attitude assumed by the British government towards these refugees, but without clear cause. In other respects the border tribes gave little or no trouble. They were naturally somewhat exercised at the large military works carried on through their country, which was formerly but seldom visited. However, they are reported to have done all they could to assist the British officers and to have assimilated themselves to the new order of things remarkably well. The institution of so large a business in their midst afforded no doubt tempting opportunities for theft, robbery, and kindred offences, but such crime as occurred was attributable in large measure to the bad characters among the gangs of workmen imported from India. Frontier relations were on the whole satisfactory, but some trouble arose with the Kakars in the Zhob Valley, and this led to the political agent, accompanied by a small force, visiting that region, and to a new disposition of the levies and military detachments on the border. The subsequent events growing out of this step have resulted in a substantial accretion of territory and a development of our north-western frontier, which are clearly destined to have a very important bearing on the future policy of the Indian government.

NOTHING LIKE LETTERS.—At the Guildhall jubilation in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of penny postage, Mr. Raikes, the postmaster-general, said that this event "had done more to change for the better the face of England than almost any political or social measure of our times." The total delivery of letters in the United Kingdom was 76,000,000 in the year preceding

the establishing of the penny post at a uniform rate; and last year it was 1,600,000,000, or with postcards, newspapers, and other communications, above two billions. In London the letters posted and delivered annually is now 850,000,000; the outward delivery, 690,000,000, and the number in London alone, 350,000,000. This is truly a revolution of a peaceful nature, and a great march of progress.

